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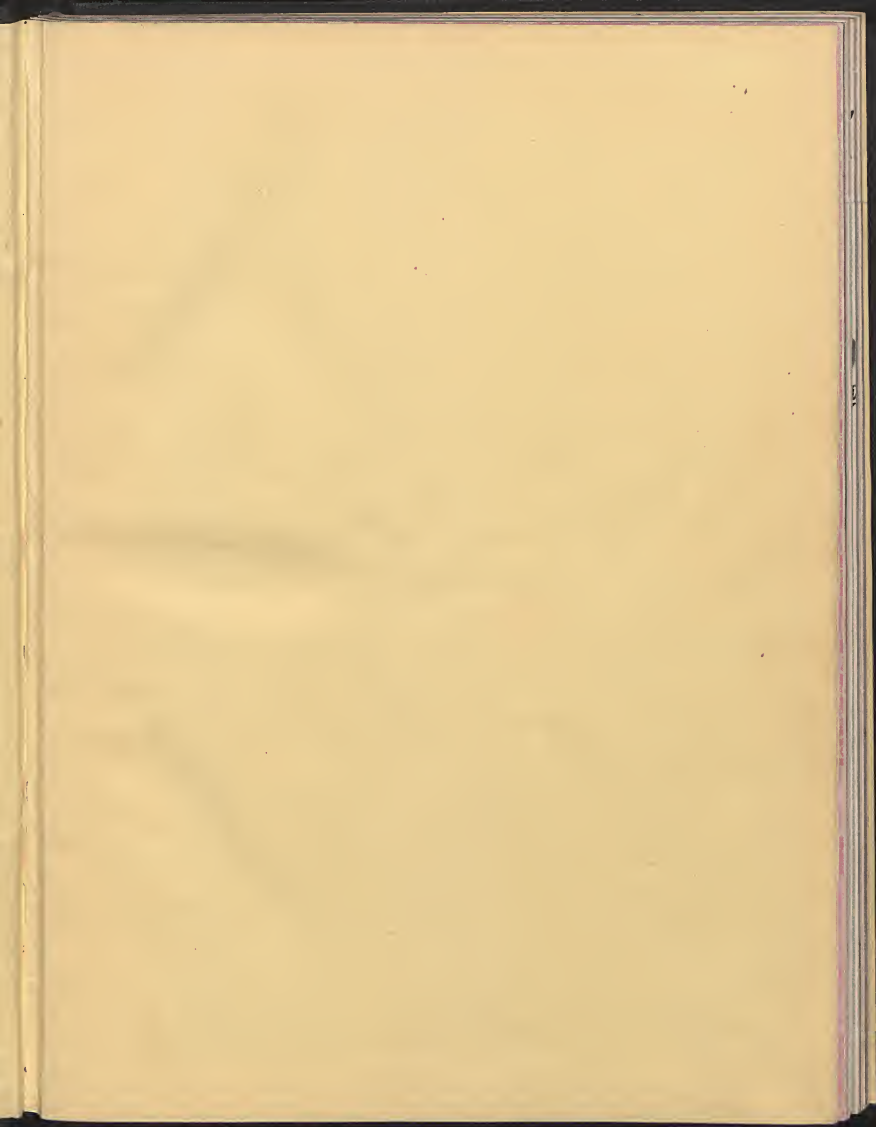
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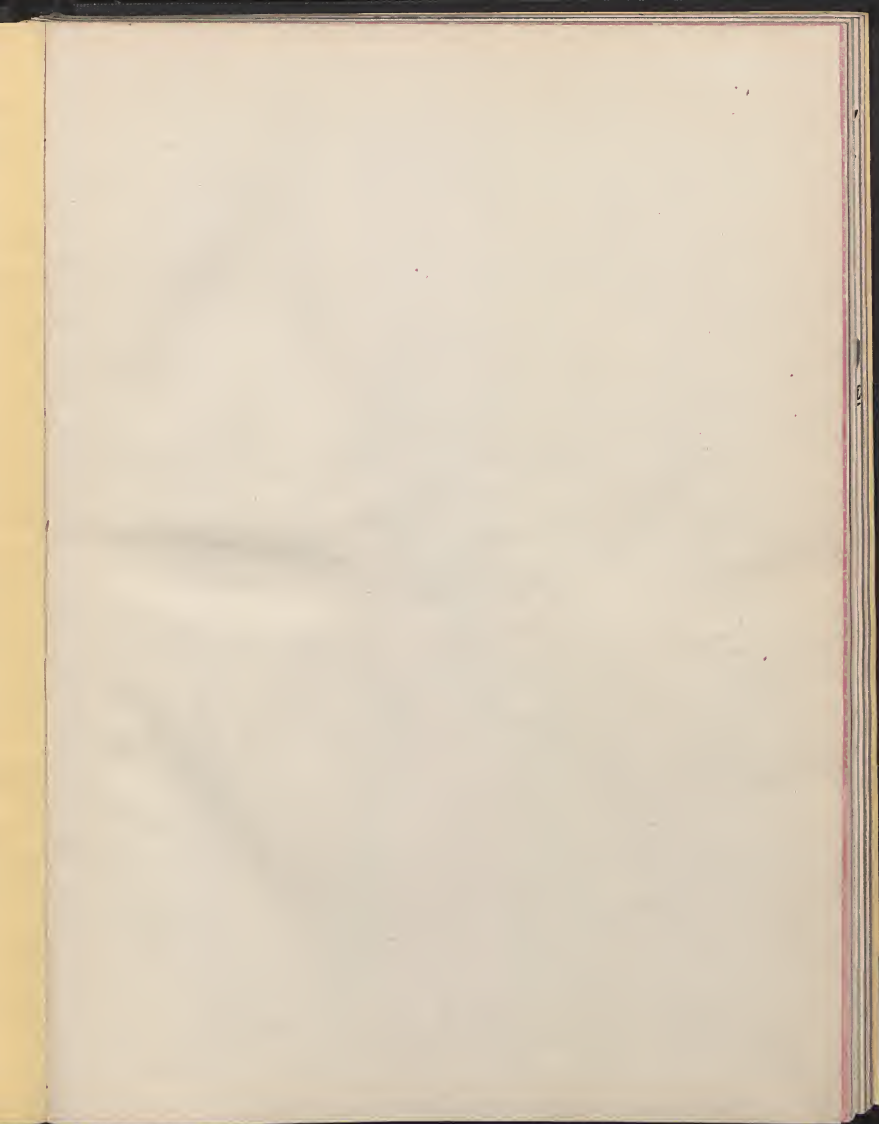
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# Student

1944-1945

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE  
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*"My  
cigarette?  
Camels,  
of course!"*

GOWN BY  
MARY MEAD  
MADRICK—  
JEWELS BY  
REINAD.

WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

# Camels for Mildness

Yes, Camels are **SO MILD** that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and *only* Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported



**NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING CAMELS!**



# On the Spot

JAY BRUBAKER is the man responsible for the cover of the first issue of this year's *STUDENT*. An old hand at the drawing board, Jay has been contributing to the mag for two years and has been the cause of many chuckles with his cartoons on campus life. To misquote Jim Anderson when he met our pipe-smoking artist, "I've read quite a bit of your stuff." Although Jay lays no claim to journalistic ability his cartoons and etchings have told many stories.



BETTY ISBELL is an attractive adornment for any office and for the past two years she has been gracious enough to make the pages of *THE STUDENT* much more attractive with her fine illustrations. Besides some art training at Georgetown, Betty has had two years of experience drawing for the mag and other campus organizations. When the editors get stuck for good illustration Bet always gets the call and in record time knocks out a painting that any magazine would be proud to run. No newcomer to the mag, Bet got her start under "Chesty" Hayes and has been plugging away ever since.



WHEN SENOR JOSE PENIA, with tildes over the n's and an accent over the e, isn't teaching a class in espanol the genial writer from the south of the border is knocking out prize winning stories for us and taking the \$15 dollars that we could have paid the printer. Paying Joe, as we call him, is a treat and we think you will agree after reading the prize winner's story on page 6. In addition to the short stories Joe has done an excellent job on the first of a series of sketches we are running on teachers.

THE LANKY FELLOW with the graying temples is Bill Hensley who pounds out most of our sports stories and a few humorous selections when he wanders by the office. Bill, by the way, is completing his last year on the staff and with the graces of God, the Registrar, and the Degrees Committee will graduate in June. Until then maybe his articles will enlighten you on a few behind the scene episodes dealing with the athletic situation here in Baptist Hollow.



## Welcome Back Deacs!

We Offer You the  
Kind of Service  
You Are Bound  
To Like!

## B & E CLEANERS

PHONE 3072

Wake Forest, N. C.

We Are Heads  
Above All Others  
In Our Business

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BARNEY POWELL  
I. T. WILSON  
BOB CAVINESS  
"BUSTER" PERRY

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## FAMILY BARBER SHOP

*"Let Us Give You a Trim  
Where It Is Needed"*

(Next to Forest Theatre)

## The Student Reports

MANY BOUQUETS TO THE STUDENT STAFF of the past school year. Notification from the National Scholastic Press Association apprizes us that the magazine was rated "excellent." There is no higher rating passed out to College mags.

Under the stern and steady hand of H.T.P. (Forceful) Hayes, the mag last year proved to be a very successful sounding board for various ideas and methods of illustration and rhetoric that brewed in the mind of H.T.P. and his prolific associates.

For the benefit of you who have never blackened your fingers with printers ink, the STUDENT is an unclassified magazine. It is not strictly literary, humor, general, or feature. The mag was a hybrid of hangovers, sermons, slapstick, and Ogden Nash, tempered by the gentle pearls of Cap'n Knuckles. The reviewing board was unable to precisely categorize the STUDENT, but was magnificently yielding in its praise.

So, it's a bouquet for the STUDENT, and a fig for the other literary attempts.

In celebration we have solemnly swapped handshakes, complimented one another on the fine work that we did last year, and served tea and crumpets to the literati—namely ourselves.

It is somewhat overwhelming to realize that was up there in the far flung wilds of Meeneesotah there is a giant and imposing group of buildings called the University of Minnesota—and from that great and seething cauldron of knowledge there are those who realize the worth of the little old STUDENT. Particular praise was accorded on at least one occasion to each of our writers of both fact, and

## ATTENTION ALL COEDS

★

*When in Winston-Salem,  
we cordially invite  
you to visit  
our store*

★

## JACARD'S

Nissen Bldg.

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

## Steak Starved?

*In Raleigh It's*

## THE STATE HOUSE RESTAURANT

*Specializing in*

- STEAKS
- SEAFOODS

*"We have the Welcome  
Mat out for Deacs"*

103 S. Salisbury Street

## Records and Sheet Music in Our Store

... Comprise one of the largest and most varied stocks in town. We have records of your choice in either a popular or classical vein. And incidentally, if you are low on School Supplies, need a Fountain Pen, Leather Goods, or Greeting Cards, drop in and take a gander at our Merchandise.

### Thiem's Record Shop and

**James E. Thiem**

First Stores on Fayetteville St.

PHONE 7281 and 2-2913

Raleigh, N. C.

## THE IDEAL of Winston-Salem, N. C.

Extends a cordial invitation to Wake Forest College, Students, Faculty, and its host of friends, to visit our newly remodeled store.

Completely air-conditioned throughout now for your shopping pleasure. And presenting the Finest in Quality Merchandise throughout the store. It's the best place to shop after all. We welcome you most heartily.

fiction. They said that the art was one of a standard that approaches the quality of the written word—which is a very rare event indeed. Many roses to the departed Ralph Herring for his unceasing and sincere effort to make art at the college something to be recognized. You would never know it, but Ralph never took art before he came to Wake Forest.

OUR EGO IS BLOATED.

If we may divert the chain of thought for a moment, we will say that we are honored and proud that we have been able to give this report to the student body. There is a little check down in the corner of the rating sheet that gives us a rating of All-American. The highest rating, as we mentioned is Excellent. The Association appended a note that says, in effect, that a mag that they consider to be definitely superior, and above the college level, will be entitled "All-American."

Finally, we of the STUDENT want you to help us keep this mag on the level that it has attained. Nothing but blood, sweat and tears will produce a magazine of this type, and we of this year's mag hope to be able to spare enough of same to stay right on top. We hope that you will help us. The best way that you can do it is contribute for publication, and if you are interested in the mechanics of magazine production, help with the layout. You know where we are so drop around. Maybe we seem a little "teched" (as probably we are) but we'll be more than glad to talk to you and help you explore the hidden depths in your literary soul.

On behalf of the Administration: "Thank you STUDENT, for this signal honor."

On behalf of the student body: "Thank you, STUDENT, for a most interesting mag that was never dull."

On behalf of the STUDENT: "Twarn't nothing."

Music

Greensboro, N. C.

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Ben's of Wake Forest

In Winston-Salem  
It's

FRANK A. STITH  
COMPANY

For

SMARTER  
MEN'S and BOYS'  
CLOTHING

Phil Harris

**S**HORTLY AFTER the summer session, Wake Forest lost a familiar student—Guy Phillips Harris, Jr.—he died, ironically, in a plane crash only a few miles from here. Phil was piloting a Navy F6F on its last flight of the Reserve Corps' annual training period when he lost control at a low altitude and plunged to earth.

Phil, a History-Government major, was the son of Mrs. G. P. Harris who owns and operates a peach orchard and farm near Candor, North Carolina. He entered Wake Forest in 1939 but had to drop out occasionally in order to work. Phil was back in school in 1942 when he left, to join the Naval Air Corps. A few months later he won his wings and became a Landing Signal Officer, serving with distinction aboard several ships. His last stint of active duty before returning to school in 1946 was aboard an aircraft, the *Coral Sea*, afloat in the Pacific area.

**P**HIL RETURNED TO THE OLD SCHOOL immediately after receiving his discharge to resume his place among the few Delta Sigs of the old school. His enthusiasm and devotion to the fraternity united the efforts of his brothers many times. But, it was Phil's fine sense of humor and nostalgic tales of the "good old days" when he played ball with Pat Preston, Ray Maneiri, and others that made him known and liked by so many students.

Phil's untimely death left a deep wound on the student body, one that will not soon heal. But eulogizing has always seemed empty, amiss—it is enough to say that we will never forget him.

# Wake Forest's Losses

Dr. Kitchin

**H**ERE AT WAKE FOREST, in the early part of the fall, the promise of June is almost a hope unborn. Thoughts of football weekends, eight o'clocks in January, Spring Dances and a thousand odd things in between make June seem far, far away. And yet, in the space of two short semesters, June will be as much a reality as September is today. The end will come, as it always does, and with the presentation of diplomas the cares and concerns of four academic years will leave us. Actually the graduation of the class of '50 could strike a similar note to any other graduation, except for the fact that the man who passes the diplomas into our possession will leave us too. This is the last year for the seniors, and the last for Dr. Thurman D. Kitchin, President of Wake Forest College.

Obviously, we speak from a senior standpoint. As such, we do not pretend to speak sagely, but as students who have been here at Wake Forest under Dr. Kitchin the longest length of time. June seems a bit nearer to us than most because we are seniors, and because we realize that with our departure an era ends in the Forest of Wake.

An era embraces a multitude of happenings. Each fragment of time that we so name is the scene of countless numbers and types of human activity, and physical change. And yet, without a definite personality, a space of years cannot be termed an era. It is the personality and character of one man that often characterizes an era, and by so doing makes it an era instead of a mere passage of time. Such a man is Dr. Kitchin.

Those of us who have been fortunate enough to come into personal contact with him appreciate his advice and guidance. Not because he carried the authority of the president of Wake Forest, but because at all times he was understanding, sympathetic and earnest in what he said. Under his guidance Wake Forest has made great strides forward, and after he leaves it will make even greater strides due, in a great part, to his desire to see Wake Forest a better school than it already is.

**A**ND SO, IN A YEAR that appears endless in September, let we the seniors be thankful that we have finished with Dr. Kitchin when June does come. Let the lower classes take the loss, keeping in mind that the likes of Dr. Kitchin are seldom seen in the president's chairs of colleges and universities. Let them be mindful that the next president of Wake Forest College will be their president, not ours, and be mindful that that president will typify his own particular era. They, living in that era, will feel the full force of his personality, and thus the lowest freshman should take a great interest in the selection of the next president of Wake Forest. Public opinion is a powerful thing, when used wisely.

For two more semesters, a stately gentleman from Halifax County will be with us as the head of this school's administration. And then, this man who was as human as you or I, this man who always said that he was just a country doctor at heart anyway, will step down . . . and make way for another, yet unnamed, administrator.





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## The Love Of His Life

**I**F I WENT BACK to that spot now, I doubt if it would be as beautiful as it seemed then. I don't suppose I'll ever see beauty like that again. It was really wonderful. Maybe a man is more sensitive to beauty when he thinks he's going to die as I did then. My left foot was pretty badly shot and I was slowly bleeding to death. I knew they would never find me there and I couldn't call out 'cause I might as easily attract a Jap as a litter-bearer. It's funny that I should notice the beauty

of the place while lying there. The embryo of the thought that I should be digging in stirred somewhere in my mind, but it never materialized beyond my noticing that I was on solid limestone rock. My eyes, and my thoughts with them, wandered upward and around, about the beauty of the place, forgetting snipers, danger and death. And it wasn't only delirium; at least, not yet. I wish I could describe to you the eerie feeling the beauty of that spot gave me then, but telling you the things

I saw would not do it. Have you ever been in a huge cathedral all by yourself with the sunlight streaming into the cool darkness from windows high up near the ceiling? Well, that was the sort of feeling I had. I guess you might say I saw God.

I was pretty sure I was going to die, but I wasn't scared. I just felt the way you do when you're extremely lonesome. The place made me wish there was someone beside me whose hand I could hold—like your mother or your girl or a good buddy.



## by joe pena

The past didn't go flashing through my mind like it does in books when you're going to die. I don't remember thinking anything much, just feeling the place and telling myself, gosh, this is a beautiful place. That's what I thought, gosh, like when I was a little kid. It was a word I hadn't thought of since I'd picked up GI cuss-words.

I guess I will try to tell you what the place was like, after all, though I know I'll never succeed; I'm not that good. It's especially hard if you've never

seen the fierce beauty of the South Pacific. It's almost horrible in a way; it makes you think of suffering, everything is so violent and twisting. It makes you feel a little like you're going to be sick. You see, this river had cut its way through the jungle, and the jungle was stingy about giving it room. It just went up on either side of the river for about fifty feet in a tangle of green vines and all sorts of exotic looking trees and beautiful, colored flowers so that all you

could see was a strip of blue sky where the jungle didn't meet overhead. Every once in a while a breeze would stir the jungle, and the sun would find openings in it to come through, the patches of light making a mottled effect on the green surface of the pool beside me. This pool was at the base of a waterfall where the drop of the waters had cut into the soft rock. There wasn't much water coming over the fall because it wasn't the rainy season and

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CHARLIE TEAGUE catches All-American title for Baptist Hollow.



GENE HOOKS, All-American third sacker, hopes to repeat next year.

## In The Good



DEACONS RETURN FROM National tournament, with four out of six trophies, to find admiring crowds waiting to welcome them despite showers.

WHO SAID that summer school at Wake Forest was dead? Aside from the usual fancies that young men and women turn to in the spring and summer several hundred alert boys and girls, with education as their goal, matriculated for nine weeks of school.

Amid cries of, "It's too darned hot around Wake Forest in the summer," and, "I tried it once—never again," and, "You'll be sorry," these few hundred educational minded students turned their heads, raised their noses slightly, and filled in their registration cards with an air of superiority. Were they sorry? Just ask anyone who knows (from the song of the same name).

Nine out of ten will answer "no" to the previous question. Summer school is about as dead as Times Square on New Year's eve. The reasons: baseball, swimming, golf, girls, Stewart's Lake, girls, tennis, girls, and a few other things too numerous



By  
BILL HENSLEY

## Old Summertime

to mention. There were many girls in summer school, also.

Take for example the night before school opened. That thing that sounds like a fugitive from a tug boat (the fire alarm) started its hoarse blasting and when the (ugh) volunteer fire department and interested students gathered in front of the Alumni Building they decided it was on fire. Amid cries of, "Throw in a few English 3 books," and, "Let it spread to Hunter," the (ugh) gallant and fearless fire department went to work.

With axes swinging, they swept right through the side of the building, letting nothing stand in their way. Sherman's march through Georgia was nothing. Windows were shattered, water cascaded on the Alumni steps (that's where the fire was), and one distraught English prof. hollered, "Save my pipes." Some people hollered, "Hurrah."

Net loss: two planks burned,

eight windows broken, one door chopped down, one floor ripped to pieces, the *Howler* darkroom water-logged, and the Shakespeare class transferred to the third floor.

However, the fire wasn't the big story. Wake Forest had a baseball team this year. It was a good baseball team. They won a lot of games. They were invited to the NCAA regional tournament in Charlotte. They accepted the invitation. They went to Charlotte. So did a lot of students.

With one complete section of the stands filled with interested students and alumni, Charlotte was nearly torn apart by the rampaging Deacs. Every person who had ever heard of Wake Forest was cheering the boys on to victory—and they weren't sorry. Those that couldn't make the trip didn't budge over an inch away from their radio—not even to pick up their Spanish book.

The Deacons, utilizing the



THE PLANE LANDED, the rains came, and stalwart friends carry Teague to waiting bus and shelter.



WAKE FOREST WAS REALLY WET this summer. It didn't rain forty days and forty nights but the dam on

the golf course broke, completely covering the eighth hole and parts of the road to Durham and other points west.



FINDING IT DIFFICULT to make par four on this hole, someone pulled the cork, play resumed.

brilliant play of Mustian, Bauer, Teague, Hooks, and Batchelor, swept aside the title contenders and captured the championship.

THE DEACS DIDN'T STOP here, however. Neither did an ample number of students. South Bend, Indiana, was the next stop on the baseball tour, and Lee Gooch's squad and a band of rooters rooted the Irish of Notre Dame right out of their new uniforms and the regional title in two straight games. It wasn't a very nice thing to do because Notre Dame had bought the new uniforms for the NCAA finals in Wichita. The Irish also had to ask for a refund on their round trip pullman tickets.

While the diamond crew was beating Notre Dame the students who didn't make the trip were beating the stuffings out of the old victory bell—which is the same bell that announces classes, etc. The town went wild. The next stop was Wichita and a crack at the national title.

Between South Bend and Wichita the students went to classes once in awhile and visited the swimming pools, golf courses and girls' dormitories quite frequently. During all of this time it wouldn't be right to assume that Ray was going broke—he wasn't.

In the first game at Wichita, Harry Nicholas elbowed



THE EIGHTH HOLE WAS COVERED with water. But the ole swimming hole was covered with blondes, redheads,

brunettes, and—Hold on girls!!!—none other than JOHN “RED” “NEPTUNE” O’QUINN!!—they swam at times.

the Deacs to a thrilling win over the Trojans of Southern California. The bell rang all night. Hundreds of students and townsmen paraded through the streets and across the campus until the wee hours of the morning. The game lasted until around midnight. Everyone was bleary eyed in class the next day.

Texas romped on the Deacs in the next game but that didn’t fail to dampen the spirit around Baptist Hollow. Wake Forest was still in the running—very much so. Some people wanted to ring the bell anyway. Some did.

The next game made the football win over Duke seem like a farce. The game was a nerve-wracking 12-inning affair with Southern California. The entire campus and town shifted, shouted, twisted, and groaned through the whole 12 innings of do or die baseball before Teague tripled to drive in Hooks and the winning run.

**N**OTHING HAS EVER caused as much excitement in this small town. The parade lasted until 3 a.m. and the cheering lasted longer. To say the walls were shaking from the eruption of cheering would be stoicism personified.

Woe is the man who mentions the next night with a smile on his face. That was the end. Texas proved too

(Continued on page twenty-seven)



MR. NORFLEET, class of '94, obtains sheepskin along with the class of 1949, Wake's oldest graduate.





## Dangerous Dan

... bill underwood

**H**AVE YOU EVER SEEN a crane sitting on the banks of the creek? When I speak of creek I refer to one in Tennessee. One day, one warm summer day, June the 24th, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty seven, a large thin crane was sitting on the banks of a small sluggish creek on the outskirts of Johnson City, Tenn. This crane had a most perplexed look on his face. I think cranes have faces. Please excuse me in the Biology Department. He carried with him a thin package. I think a package can be referred to as thin. Please excuse me in the English Department. Nevertheless the package was thin. This particular crane had a momentous problem. He didn't know what to do with the bundle that had been bailed to him. He had acquired this parcel from one of his stork friends who was too embarrassed to present it to a certain family in the nearby town of Johnson City. His problem now was whether to throw it in the creek or to deliver it. After thinking it over and considering the wonderful Lovelace family, he chose to cast his bailed goods into the little creek. This he did. And thinking his problem was over he started his flight back to wherever thin cranes live. Not so. A deep voice

resounded from the bottom of the creek—one of those Anglo-Saxon words—and his small package was thrown to the banks. Now he had no choice and that very day, in the town of Johnson City, Tenn., Daniel Lovelace, Jr., was born.

Dan was a part of every normal childhood. He spent most of his time fishing. Yes, on the very banks of the small creek where his fate was decided. He would sit there with a revengeful look on his cute little face and catch the offsprings of those very catfish that had thrown him back to the old crane. The crane is dead now.

Everyone in town blamed the Lovelace family for killing all the fish in the little creek, and after taking as much as they could, they moved to Raleigh. They left Dan in Tennessee. But he found them. If you will please note there aren't any cranes in this part of the country. And have you ever tried to catch a catfish? Animals don't forget. Dan made many friends in Raleigh and I quote: "It was here that I met a girl I was to date rather frequently until she got married last year." Girls don't forget. Forgetting the animals and the girls, Dan went to high school and there maintained an average well over the ninety mark. Here I would like to pause and at Dan's request ask Professor Soule to note the above. He has done brilliantly in other places besides your class. You ain't seen nothing yet!

**D**AN SKIPPED the twelfth grade of high school. He doesn't really know whether he

wished to further his education more quickly or whether it was his dislike for the teachers. He filibustered in the principal's office until summer vacation was drawing nigh. Even teachers want to go home, and so they allowed him to go into his first year of college. What is the name of that farming school over in Raleigh? Oh yes. Dan spent his freshman year in one of the barn annexes at State College. This was his first political achievement. Dan didn't like cows and all that went with them. He would make the rounds of the barn every morning and try to talk to some of the boys. He found they couldn't talk. Well, not much. Being the brilliant boy he was, he decided to capitalize on this. He was the only boy who could talk. He made a mark for himself. Doing what? Why, talking of course. He could confuse the issue so completely that no one knew what he was talking about. Why, they didn't know a Holstein from a Holstein's elbow. I think a Holstein has some sort of an elbow. And I must add further that he still has the ability to confuse the

(Continued on page twenty-eight)

### Picture of the Month

**THIS UNUSUAL SHOT**, caught at the side window of Bolus' Dry Goods store, is of a member of a new philosophical cult who believe they must have two panes of glass between themselves and the rest of creation. "It puts me in another world," says the pictured cult-enthusiast. Says store proprietor Bolus, "keep your greasy nose off my window."



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# write a humor story . . .

by Underwood

## "What's So Funny?"



WRITE A HUMOR STORY. Write a humor story. What's so funny?

"WRITE A HUMOR STORY."

These words pierced the smoke filled room. Write a humor story—write a humor story. What's so funny? The first day of school and someone tells you to write a humor story. You find that you can't graduate until 1956 and someone tells you to write a humor story.

"But I've had Physical Education." So I have to take three classes on Sunday. Let's write a humor story. Into the book store I ventured, gaily singing. Thirty pair of bloodshot eyes turned and thirty mouths re-sounded, "What's so damn funny?"

I left this happy gathering and made my merry way to the gym where the new students were filling out their schedules for the coming year. Some mother's son lay mangled on the steps. The new freshman had the idea that one must come early and avoid the rush. This boy had been on the steps all night in order to have no trouble in getting what he wanted. I carefully lifted his head. His hair was matted with blood and his twisted left arm fit the contour of the steps. Nevertheless he smiled. He had read the handbook and of course

NOTE THE FACES—eager, cheerful. They can hardly wait for the new semester, and the tolling bell.



??





PEAHEAD SULKES MOODILY as Tom Rogers refuses to show Mayday pictures. Slipping away from practice,

later that afternoon, Coach Walker found that the pictures were under developed—and a number were over exposed.



GOOD OLE TOBY—I knew that he would have a kind word, a new story to tell me, I knew that I would have no trouble signing the check. The GI bill will be in December first—"P.D." and Frye will have a big Christmas anyway.

knew that Wake Forest was a friendly place. I asked him what had happened. He smiled and answered, "I'm not mad."

I went on into the building and watched the young people, filling out their cards. Some were crawling across the floor. These, the day before, had been so fresh, so gay, I cheerfully asked one if he were getting along all right. He lifted his little head; looked at me, and screamed, "What's so Damned funny."

I LOOKED OVER AT THE SECTIONAL advisers. Their gaunt faces rendered little consolation. Perhaps if I went down to the practice field things would be better. Our team, so full of pep, would, of course, be practicing for the impending conflict with a little school down in Texas—SMU. Here I was sure to find new spirit, gayety, and that



AFTER SUCH A GLOOMY DAY I felt that I could find a refuge from the unpleasant happenings. I walked

into my room—some of the boys had been there to clean up for me—grand! Wake Forest is such a friendly place.

supreme enjoyment that is only acquired by men who match their deceptive powers on the field for Alma Mater. . . . A pleasing voice greeted me from across the cleated mud. We all make mistakes, fellows. "Let's try it again." This, of course, was our coach. The boys did try again and again. Finally, dripping wet, they ambled up towards the gym. I watched their faces. Several had heads. There were no smiles, no pleasing laughter here.

By this time it was around dinner time. Things would be better down town. I thought of jovial "PD." Here I would find cheerful company. Good ole Toby, the chef, he would certainly have some new stories to tell me. I picked my way through the broken shrubbery. The trampled, brown grass lent

(Continued on page thirty-six)



THIS LITTLE LAD TURNED to drink. He remembered last year the rabies epidemic. Many of his friends were gone. He muttered, "Well, doggonit."



THE GREAT BRONZE BELL in the ancient temple outside the city of Keijo clanged that the day was ending. Grey clouds had invaded the darkening sky, and a brilliant sunset grew dim in the westward horizon. Copper-bodied ricksha boys, their backs glistening, weaved through the jostling crowd of jabbering, excited shoppers who were eager to purchase articles before the merchants boarded-up their shops. A sweet, sickening odor perfumed the narrow alley. Grimy-faced children wearing frayed clothing jogged beside the two soldiers, begging in broken English for gum or other delicacies.

Rocky Gordon, who supported a constantly flushed face on a broad six-foot frame, pushed aside the pleading waifs, stamped his foot at them, laughing as they scattered in all directions, and then continued to follow along behind the rickshas. His determined jaw bolted suddenly and he breathed heavily.

"Up yonder—see that sign? Ain't far now."

# INDECISO

"Yeah, I see," growled his lean companion, Ral Ausband, "but I tell you we shouldn't have come."

His clear, yet somewhat simple face lifted towards Gordon's as if he was half-expecting, half-afraid of his reply.

"What th' hell!" Gordon snorted. "You gettin' chicken on me? You ain't scared of these yellow faces, are ya'? Just wait'll you see what I've found!"



# SON

BY  
**ARTHUR  
DEERWOOD**

"Yeah, but suppose we miss—"

"Suppose hell! Don't suppose! You suppose too much!"

Ral remained silent, almost grim. Swallowing hard, he stepped up the gait, anxious to reach his destination. The wel-

*(Continued on page twenty-nine)*

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## The Good Doctor

by Joe Pena

IT WAS A HOT DAY in England in the summer of 1948, the hottest day in years. According to the *London Times*, four British Army cadets had keeled over dead from heat prostration, and an escaped prisoner had given himself up because it was too hot to run. On the road between London and Dover, more precisely between Northfleet and Gravesend, a distinguished-looking gentleman was hiking. He looked like a typical Britisher: the reserved, dignified, gray-moustached, pipe-and-rimless spectacle type of Englishmen that Americans always seem to picture. Walking behind him was a slightly tipsy man of the lower classes.

Presently the gentleman came to a fork where the road split into two or three branches, and, since there were no milestones, he waited for the tipsy hiker to catch up with him.

"Excuse me, could you tell me which road goes to Gravesend?"

"Certainly," said Tipsy. "This one on the left. Going there myself. Can walk with you if you don't mind."

They hiked along together for several miles.

"Blasted hot, eh what?" said Tipsy. "Helps to have someone to talk to—makes it seem shorter, you know. Not being personal or anything, but aren't

you Mr. Edwin Willoughby from London?"

The gentleman assured him that he was not. Eventually they came to Gravesend. Instead of taking leave of the gentleman there, Tipsy stayed on, following him around as he took pictures of the ancient churches, and repeating stubbornly, "Are you sure you're not Mr. Willoughby from London?"

Tipsy was still with the distinguished gentleman when the latter left Gravesend, he waited at Milton while the gentleman snapped another old church, and at Denton he was still hanging on. As they approached the ancient church of Denton, the gentleman remarked, "It sure doesn't look like it did when we were through here 561 years ago!"

The statement served its purpose. Old Tipsy left in a hurry for the nearest tavern.

The gentleman was Dr. Edgar E. Folk, Professor of English at Wake Forest College. He was retracing the route of Chaucer's pilgrimage to Canterbury—"the most famous trip that never took place."

Let's take several looks at this English professor, this gentleman and scholar and fine judge of Chaucer who once reported for *The New York Herald*, "rum-running" on the Federal beat in the days of prohibition and who went to teaching when advised to take up less strenuous work.

DR. FOLK's old students know this: that if you hand in the required work in his classes, good; if you don't, you get no credit hours and no hard feelings on his part. He doesn't give many compliments; he doesn't pat you on the back and tell you what a great literary genius you are, because—frankly—none of the students he comes in contact with are finished writers and there is no

(Continued on page twenty-two)



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*White on White*

*Vivian Snuggs*

## THE GOOD DOCTOR

(Continued from page twenty)

real way of telling who will develop and who will not. On the contrary, he minces no words in letting you know what the score is in the literary world and what the odds are against you as a young fledgling. He hammers it home with pneumatic-drill insistency, quoting figures on how many hundreds of thousands make a living writing in America. "There are far too many people writing in America, people who can write and have nothing to say. Far too many! And worse still, they are finding publishers to print their stuff." If this discourages you, chances are that you are one of those "writers" whose name is Legion in America—one of those who wants to be a "writer" but who doesn't want to write.

The so-called young writers of this age who never come to know Dr. Folk well, mistake a detached, observant objectivity



in him for indifference. Actually, he is very much interested in every individual—a quality so badly needed in today's world that is fast stampeding toward totalitarianism. And the more individualist the person, the more interested he is in him and the better he gets along with him. But what is the clue to this detachment that is apparently indifference? It lies in the spiritual affinity that Dr. Folk felt for Chaucer; in the Chaucerian attitude: "Simply looking wide-eyed at life; finding it fascinating and looking at it realistically, not with the perverted view of the idealist of the satirist; accepting people as they are, not critically but thanking God that they are all different."

It is again individualism that determines Dr. Folk's interest in the Medieval and Modern Periods in literature. Both periods face many of the same problems some of them in reverse; the early age was feeling the first stirrings of democracy, breaking the totalitarianism of the Church and championing individualism; the Modern Age is battling to retain what the Medieval Age first felt.

"INDIVIDUALITY is at the bottom of all the requirements for writing"; that *sine qua non* with which every one of his creative writing classes is bombarded at the beginning of each class: "(1) Have something to say, (2) Believe what you are

saying and . . . (3) take the necessary pains to learn how to say it well and with feeling and sincerity."

"That's all I have to do," says the student who only wants to be a "writer." "It's as simple as that!" He comes to Dr. Folk wanting to be taught "how to write" and to be told what to write "about," and is indeed disappointed. The professor's statements that "writing is the hardest work there is" and that "great writing is written with blood" seem to him the usual, hackneyed clichés; but to the aspirant with serious intent, it soon becomes very apparent how true these statements are and that Dr. Folk meant them when he said them.

What is Dr. Folk's idea of the duties of a professor to his students? He agrees in essence with what Plato said some 2,400 years ago: "To take the individual and help him develop his individuality, his individual soul, to all the beauty and the perfection of which he is capable."

IT WAS SUNDAY afternoon. Dr. Folk and the "interviewer" were sitting on the front steps of the "South Brick House," that stately, venerable old structure across from the cafeteria on Highway I that was constructed by John Berry in 1834 when he put up the first building on the College campus. The porch was littered with bricks and debris, marks of the re-modelling which Dr. Folk is having done to the house. We were talking quietly on a hodgepodge of subjects, except when we had to yell above the roar of diesels or the clatter of a train, when we hit on the subject of the house. Dr. Folk took the "interviewer" through all the rooms. On the third story, a den opened to us with a key a good foot long. Through the window could be seen the foliage of trees and only brief glimpses of the highway far below. On

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WAKE FOREST, N. C.

the wall were written names with dates going back to the 1870's and 1880's. "This would make a good place for writing," said Dr. Folk. "Here we are on I and 264 and yet we're rather detached from it all; it's a feeling almost of seclusion. No noise penetrates these 12 inch walls." Then reflectively: "Just think of all the drama these walls must have seen. You know, it's a funny thing, but why don't students ever write stories set in Wake Forest? There are plenty of characters—the students and faculty; there's drama! But they can't see it—it's too close to them, too familiar. They have to get it downtown to the cinema."

Presently we were back down on the front steps.

"Dr. Folk, have you any of explaining why Wake Forest has produced so many successful lawyers, doctors and businessmen and yet no really great writers?"

(Shaking his head) "No. . . . It's not the type of students that we get. The only requirement for great writing is a certain sensitivity to life. It's a strange thing, hard to explain. Especially since we had for 50

years one of the finest English teachers developed in America, a truly creative spirit—Dr. Benjamin F. Sledd. He was one of the finest poets in North Carolina and left much unpublished poetry that should be published. He always had a number of students who could write well, but . . . I don't know. When they got out. . . . We've had good writers but not great creative writers. Lawrence Stallings collaborated with Maxwell Anderson on *What Price Glory* and others. Tom Dixon wrote some of the best-sellers of his day and made a fortune. Graduated back in '82. Among other things he wrote *The Clansman*, from which the movie *The Birth of a Nation* was made. But let's broaden the question: why has North Carolina as a whole had only one Thomas Wolfe?"

"HAVE YOU EVER written any fiction, Dr. Folk?"

(Smiling) "Ah-no. Nothing to boast about; not any I'd like to speak of. I'm too interested in people; prefer working with them. There are certain things I'd like to write but they wouldn't be worth what they

cost; so I stick to articles and things. Prefer not to hurt people's feelings. Because if you're going to write, you're going to hurt feelings. Take Tom Wolfe, for instance."

"As a critic, what side are you on concerning Tom Wolfe?"

"If Tom Wolfe had lived ten years longer, he would have developed into one of the great novelists of the world. There is something about much of his work that has an indefinable quality that is immature. In *You Can't Go Home Again* he had just grown up; he was just completing the preface to the great work he was going to write. He was just getting ready really to write; he was, through spewing out all that he had taken in so avidly. He was bidding his Fox goodbye and getting ready to be himself. You can't write with an editor looking over your shoulder. . . . I hope you can write something out of all we've been talking



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about. If you can't, that's all right, too. This is the first interview I've ever submitted to. I never figure a newspaperman is news."

**S**PEAKING of drama around Wake Forest that goes unrecognized, go to Dr. Folk's short story class sometime next spring. It will be on the third floor of the Alumni Building—that musty, rickety, steep-staired old building that refuses to burn down—in the room that served as anatomy lab before the med school moved to Winston-Salem. The fluorescent lights

will be burning; Dr. Folk will be sitting at the front table with maybe a couple of books and some literary periodicals in front of him. Hunched over the other tables will be ten or fifteen potential writers. Chances are that if you go late enough in the spring they will have studied several published stories and discussed the illustration about a man falling in a hole—narrative and plot—and the airship that shouldn't come by and hook him out accidentally; they will have talked about tagging characters and making them come to life, be three-dimensional; they will be writing. When you come in, there will apparently be nothing going on. Dr. Folk has just asked if any one has a story to read and the silence is leaden. Actually, there are two or three completed pieces among the students, but no one has nerve enough to be the first to expose his brainchild to the scrutiny of the others. Finally, some brash soul raises a timid hand, "I have something here I'd like to read, Dr. Folk." The speaker beats and prods his manuscript about, implying that it's only a lousy mess he just finished—and he's usually right—but it's the best he can do, so he'll read it, any-

how. Dr. Folk recognizes him. The student starts reading in a quaky voice, his eyes shifty; his hand trembles as he turns the pages; he seems to be suffering more and more the deeper he goes into the story. What are the others thinking? Damn, how sorry can a story get! He hadn't realized it was that bad! But he plunges on and finally finishes rushing through the pages. He assembles the manuscript, trembling and such, not daring to look up, not knowing what in the work to do next, short of jumping out the window. He has just exposed a great deal of himself before the others, too much! And it hurts to do that. After all the hours of cogitation, the writing, re-writing, erasing, adding and deleting—after all his hours of sweat and all his years of living—this mess!

**D**R. FOLK SAYS something non-committal; he asks for comments. As argument starts rolling and becomes heated, sometimes brutally frank, Dr. Folk sits back and observes, moderates and tries to draw out what the critic is stumbling to say, clarifies it. After class the author tries to sneak out but somebody corners him and tells



**FLORSHEIM**

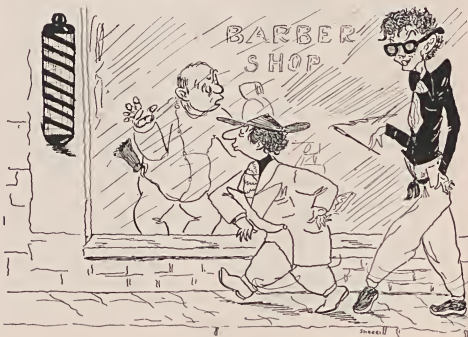
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him what a good story he had; but the author knows the other fellow is just trying to make him feel better; he knows how sad the thing was.

After the year is over, the young author can write nothing; he has become too critical and too concerned with minor details. But after a while he realizes how much he has got out of the course; he has at last learned what he has and hasn't got, how much he has to learn and what a long, hard way he has yet to go. If he had anything in him originally, he starts rolling; he is ready to really start working.

And he is grateful to one Dr. Folk, a man who is a lineal and spiritual descendant of Wake Forest, of the many men who through its 115 years of history have made Wake Forest—the good old Wake Forest—what it is today. He is one of those men, and if he is not exactly of the old school, he is passing on the virtues received from that old school to the men who sit in his classes and who will one day come back to function in its faculty.

### THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE

(Continued from page seven)

everything was still; anyhow, I thought it was. There was a lot of fighting going on around me since we were only a couple of miles from the beachhead, but after a while you learn to screen out the usual noises of battle. I was lying on a sort of toadstool made of rock that hung over the pool, and if I looked downstream I could see the river bed on the lower terrace where it extended itself from another waterfall. It was prettier to look upstream, though. There were two more waterfalls and the second terrace from me was completely darkened by a canopy of jungle. You've heard of blue shadows, well, that was the way the second terrace from me really was.



**I**T MUST HAVE BEEN right after looking at the second terrace upstream that I became delirious.

All of a sudden there she was, standing on the crest of the waterfall nearest me. I remember it didn't strike me as being silly. I didn't wonder how she could possibly have got there. She was just actually there and my corners just curled under and felt nice and warm and wanted to go to sleep. There she was, standing in her Wave uniform and the water was trickling over her black shoes, but they didn't get wet. If I can ever go back to that spot, and if those falls haven't been named, I'd like to call them June Falls because June is what her name was.

Of course, I didn't think of that then. I didn't have time. I was puzzled for a few seconds, if delirium knows time, and then I remembered what my grandfather had told me when I was talking to him one night. "Son," the old man had said, "Do you know why men always die with a smile on their lips? . . . They die with a smile on their lips because Death always comes for them in the person of the one great love of their lives. . . . And that's why men go willingly. . . . And some of us never can be sure until the end comes, then it doesn't make a difference."

I didn't know I was in love with June, but I automatically decided the old man must have known what he was talking

about. She skirted the waterfall by coming down a series of ledges on the side and smiled at me and got hold of my hand. She didn't say anything, but I knew that she wanted me to get up and follow her. I didn't ask any questions; I just knew I was damned glad to see her and wanted to go.

**I** HAD ONLY MET June once and had spent twelve hours with her one Sunday in Atlanta. She was my kid brother's girl stationed at the naval air base there. My kid brother had met her in boot camp at Dago, and when he was overseas he wrote to me that she had been transferred to Atlanta, a hundred miles from where I was stationed. He wanted to know why didn't I go see her. My kid brother had told me he was planning to marry her as soon as the war was over. I got in touch with June and we made a date for a Sunday early in

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October. I took the Saturday afternoon train from Macon and was in Atlanta early that night, but I didn't call June up until the next morning. We'd made a date for Sunday and I didn't want to embarrass the girl if she had other plans for that night. What I really mean is that I didn't trust women too much then because I was on the rebound, and if she happened to be stepping out on my kid brother, it was none of my business.

But the minute I saw her coming out of the naval base

In Spite of the  
authority you've heard

*Chicken ain't nothin'  
but a bird . . .*

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**HEN  
HOUSE**

Tony Hinnant, Mgr.

that Sunday morning, I knew my kid brother would never be having that kind of trouble. She was the right kind of a girl—the one-man type. I don't know how I knew it except that she was so very tiny, feminine and sweet. I guess I was still pretty naive back in those days but it just happened that my hunch was right. When she talked to me and put her little hand in mine, she made me feel like a high school boy on his first date. Not that she wasn't easy to be around; I just felt at home with her right away. She just made you feel like Sir Walter Raleigh or Don Quixote or some such fool, but in a nice way.

I don't suppose most men would consider her beautiful, I didn't particularly think so at the time; but she was sure easy to look at, with her pretty brown hair and the shadows under her high cheek-bones meeting to a sharp point at her lips. Everything about her was fine and delicate, had that certain something that makes a man want to protect.

I SHALL ALWAYS remember that Sunday in Atlanta as one of the most beautiful days in my life. Everything came together just right to make it one of the few completely perfect ones that we human beings experience in our lifetime. It wasn't so much what we did; we just went out to a park in the morning and went rowing on a pretty little lake they had there. The sun was shining bright and the trees were all changing color. June was better at rowing than I was and the boat kept nosing in my direction, so that some sailors watching us from the edge of the lake had a good laugh. That was what I got for going with the navy, one of them shouted. We had sandwiches, cokes and potato chips under a tree at lunch and talked about my kid



... smooth





brother. In the afternoon we came back in town and went to see *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. When Gary Cooper was sending away Ingrid Bergman at the end of the picture I noticed that June was crying so I held her hand. Pretty soon it was eight o'clock and almost time for my train. We went to Five Points and I put her on the bus back to the naval station. I wanted to kiss her good-bye 'cause we'd had such a nice time together, so I did. I was a little disappointed because her kiss was so sisterly and unembarrassed. She did it as naturally as she might have kissed an older brother if she'd had one. Then the bus was moving and she was smiling and waving good-bye at me through the window. I never saw her again and never wrote to her. I guess I had forgotten her, until I saw her standing there on the water-fall.

When she came down and took my hand, I tried to get up but couldn't make it. I guess it was on account of my shot foot. I don't remember anything more until I came to at the field hospital, but Bernie Rothstein, the medic from Brooklyn that picked me up, later told me I kept yelling for June.

**S**HE IS STANDING behind an ironing board across the room from me now, doing one of my shirts. She's in her pajamas I don't like and her hair is all tucked in for the night, but she looks as good as she ever did. Incidentally, I didn't cheat

my kid brother out of her. We lost him June 7, 1944 at Normandy.

### IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

(Continued from page eleven)

much for the weary band of Deacs who struggled through three sleepless nights and 22 innings of baseball.

The welcome home was something to see. The Deacs were heroes. They had walked off with every trophy and the heart of every fan at the Wichita tournament. They were the second best college baseball team in the nation. The whole campus and half of Raleigh gave the team a welcome they will remember the rest of their lives. 2,500 people and a line of cars two miles long formed the cavalcade that paraded through the streets of Raleigh and back home. It was a spine tingling sight.

Teague, Hooks, and Vander Clute were honored with places on the baseball All-America team. The team had won four out of six trophies. A school of 1,800 students had won everything except the championship from schools ten and twelve times the size of Wake Forest.

After the baseball excitement had died down the heavens broke loose, with ole Jupiter Pluvius presiding. It rained a lot, too. The results of the three-day rain was a flood. The golf course was covered with water. Only the top of No. 8's flag could be seen. Dr. Poteat looked very funny swinging his brassie at a floating golf ball. He missed it, too.

Four dams gave way to the surging water and around the creek that runs through the course the water was waist deep. It ruined the course for a few days but that didn't matter. Most everyone plays in the woods anyway.

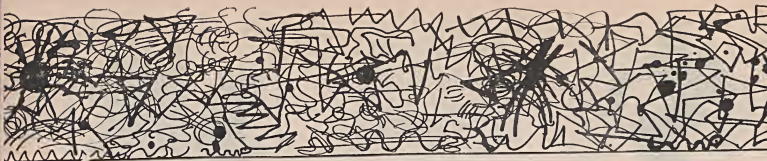
After the flood was forgotten



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the weather turned back to normal, which means that the temperature was somewhere close to the one double zero mark. Softball, swimming and tennis were still in full swing. Parties and dancing at Stewart's Lake and Lake Miri still loomed in the spotlight. A few people studied—very few, to be exact.

The days drifted and before anyone realized it the summer term was over. Eustace Norfleet, Wake Forest's most distinguished student, received his degree along with a few other noteworthies—meaning Tony DiTomo, etc.

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It was a great summer—the girls and all. A few boys didn't date because they had to study. You wouldn't be interested in knowing their names—not very colorful people.

Who said summer school at Wake Forest was dead? This is where we started so it may as well serve as a stopping place. Don't let anyone tell you about summer school. Try it sometime. It's just like the bottom of a stove—great.

#### **DANGEROUS DAN**

*(Continued from page twelve)*

issue so completely that no one knows anything from their elbow. There is one man that is unable to understand his lingo (this is a Spanish word, and I think everyone should know something of the other languages). Lovelace has confided to me that this man is "Mama" Huff.

There has been excitement in our boy's life. He was in the Navy. This is one of the few things that he was unable to talk himself out of. He did talk himself into the Air Corps. He never finished this course. He was discharged. One cannot talk all the time with a high altitude mask on. Dan did not like this so he came home. He looks back on his service days with admiration. He learned many things one does not learn in Agricultural school. One of his most pleasant experiences at State, besides being a member of the Sigma Pi fraternity, was receiving National individual ranking in debate. Because of this he had his picture in the

Raleigh papers. Some of the people in Raleigh thought it was a picture of an undernourished Russian child, and the office was so crowded with food that nobody had to go out to lunch for three weeks. Since then he has refused to have his picture in anything but the "before" illustrations in the *Charles Atlas* ads.

**W**HILE AT WAKE FOREST Dan states in his most dignified and perspicacious manner—"I have had a good time." Isn't this a wonderful way to put it?

As I stated before Henry "Mama" Huff is the only one in Wake County that can understand Dan. For this reason they have had much success playing partners in bridge and also as members of our debating team. Here they have won many honors. So we don't have a swimming team, look what these boys did without water. While on one of these trips Henry and Dan were put on television and their pictures were flashed on the screens of the many bars in New York City. No one bought liquor for a month. One man rushed out screaming that it was the first time he had acquired the delirium tremens from one drink in his life.

Some people think that Dan takes quite a number of pills. This is not true. He takes a few pills for his sinus trouble. He takes vitamin pills to supplement the diet that the various places afford in our little town. Once or twice a day he takes some for his headaches. About every night he can't sleep, and he takes a few for his insomnia.



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He laughs at what happened to Carol Landis. He has a few pills for his eyes, and then there are a few to settle him down during the day. I don't think people should make such unfounded accusations, now that they have the true picture. He loves Hadacol.

**HOBBIES?** DAN HAS MANY. The only one that we are able to mention is golf. He is an expert golfer. I have been with him on the links. He has nerves of steel. I have seen him make an eight inch putt without even thinking about it. I have seen him tear the cover off the ball. He then puts it down and makes a twenty foot drive. He explained that the cover made the ball heavier. He hates to play with people who take their game too seriously. He explains that they play to put the ball in the cup. He plays to get away from people. Dan likes people and things, but he doesn't want to spoil himself so he gets away from them and appreciates them more on returning from the links.

Dan is a member of the debating team. He is a member of ODK, was president of Eu



Literary Society and worked several years on the Pan Hel council. Here he learned the value of money. He is now in law school and a member of the—Note brothers of Phi Delta Phi—"I forgot the name of it." He is a member of Sigma Pi and was secretary at State. He has achieved many laurels in the debating field. My goodness, I could just go on forever but his record speaks for itself.

If you see some books coming across the campus, look behind them and you will find a stick figure. That is Dan Lovelace. I once saw him drink a glass of tomato juice and go to a masquerade ball as a thermometer. A fine boy, a scholar, and one of whom Wake Forest is and will be proud.

#### INDECISION

(Continued from page eighteen)  
ling crowd of a few minutes before had thinned out, and



"Good morning, Mrs. Wilgus.  
Is the lapsed policy at home?"



strains of shrill, weird music replaced the chattering, guttural voices. A cobbler was boarding-up his shop. Further down the alley, an old man with a grey beard and wrinkled, wizened face puffed on a pipe. He sat beside the flimsy building in a squatting position, his eyes like glazed ice. The same sickening odor pervaded.

"Look, Gordon, look!" whispered Ral, pointing to a crowd barely visible in the twilight.

"Lay off! You make me jittery! We're almost there," Gordon snapped fiercely, jerking his elbow away from Ral's tightening grasp.

**S**OMBER FACES and slitted, jeweled eyes followed Ral and Rocky as they walked into a dim cabaret resembling a

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bomb shelter. Ral hung on to Rocky's arm as they pushed aside the girls and soldiers. They broke through to the edge of the dance floor where plump round-faced geishas dressed in shimmering mandarin-jackets and slit skirts of gay colors danced with laughing soldiers. Something inside of Ral revolted, and he told himself that he wasn't squeamish, but that he needed a stiff shot of rye if he planned to endure this night. He gazed around the dance hall, seeing only hot beer being served.

"How 'bout this?" Gordon grinned, nudging his companion in the ribs. "Ain't this sum-pun?"

Ral smiled weakly.

The den held a humid warmth, the kind of sultry dankness that adheres to the skin. The air was stale, and the pungent odor of garlic hung heavy to the milky layers of cigarette smoke. It made Ral's eyes burn. The orchestra was tucked neatly into a corner upon a little platform on the far side of the room, and the musicians looked tired and unconcerned as they played. Rocky shouted loudly to Ral above the buzz of voices and



frail tune of piano music; "You stick around—find yourself a chair some place—I'm gonna' round up a couple of dolls." He scrooched up his face and winked as he disappeared into the crowd.

RAL WIPED HIS ARM across his brow and nodded. Sinking into the nearest vacant chair, he unloosened his tie and unbuttoned his collar. A dance girl seated beside him grinned coyly. Ral looked away thinking, "I told Rocky I wanted to stay at camp. Well, hell, I guess the guy does miss Shanghai. Well, for that matter, I guess I do too."

He looked at the silhouetted



"He's a wonderful mixer."

forms that seemed to dance up and down before him like erratic shadows. Telling himself that he needed a cigarette, but bad, he lit one and inhaled deeply. He glanced at the girl beside him again. She didn't look any better. She grinned, her beady eyes sparkling. That same mixture of revolt and loathing writhed up inside of him again. He turned his cheek to her, taking another drag off his cigarette and wishing that Rocky would return.

A civilian in shabby clothing approached him, bowed at the waist, forced a toothy smile, and asked in his politest terms for a cigarette. Ral gave him the whole package—he didn't feel like being chummy. He noticed Rocky escorting two dancers in his direction. Rocky was shouting, "Hey Ral—look! Ain't these some fine dolls?"

Rocky disappeared behind a group of soldiers huddled around two geishas. Ral had not caught a clear glimpse. One of the dancers looked familiar. "It couldn't be—utterly impossible," he decided.

Rocky broke through the



group of soldiers and toward the girls, stopping directly in front of Ral. His suntans had already lost their crease and showed patches of sweat.

"Look what I found," Rocky beamed, pointing to the girl on his left. "Remember Tin San?"

Ral's jaw dropped. His eyes widened. He straightened to erectness. Taut fingers gripped the edges of the chair. Beads of sweat blurred his vision and stung his eyes. He seemed to be gazing at a fantasy—a ghost—a spectre in a white silk evening gown that floated to him. Warm fingers unloosened his taut hands, pressing them against her own. Ral stroked his eyes with his upper arm. He saw clearly.

"Tin San! Tin San! Where in zooks!"

Rocky threw back her head and laughed, then turned to the geisha and pinched her. She tittered.

TIN SAN HELD RAL at bay with her arms. Her eyes were cold and suggested revenge. He moved toward her. She backed away.

"Why you no come back? You tell Tin San you come. You no come. You lie! You koo-jee-mal! You lie!"

Rocky chuckled. "Still a little buzz bomb, ain't she?"

"Cut it!" Ral said harshly, glancing at Rocky. "Why didn't you tell me she was here in this dump?"

"Tell you, hell!" Rocky ejaculated as he scowled, "I didn't find her until last night."

Tin San had her tiny hands over her face and was crying softly. Ral put his arm around



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her. She clung to him, shaking in his arms. He knew what she was thinking—that he had left her purposely—that he had used her and was through with her—had cast her aside like a child no longer enchanted by a broken toy.

"Tin San, listen to me. When the army says move, I move. I'd given up finding you."

The music began. Rocky grabbed his girl in a risqué fashion and laughing boisterously, waved to Ral as he started dancing.

"We dance too," Tin San whispered, her eyes filling anew with tears.

RAL PULLED THE LITHE FORM closer to him. She snuggled up hesitantly, as if her better judgment were conquering her will. As they danced slowly to the music, his manner became timid and restrained. He was chilled, and her slender body against him was the only warmth that he felt. It was nice to have her back again, he told himself. He buried his head in her gossamer hair. It smelled fragrant like roses, re-



mindng him of Shanghai, and making him recall the good times they had had together. It seemed that they had never been apart. He looked down full into her face. Just seeing her eyes shining once again calmed him. It was a nice face, he thought—bright eyes—high cheekbones—prominent forehead—full lips—light tan skin. He held her closer. She came like a firefly to light. Her body quivered.

"We talk now," she said, breaking away from him. She glanced up at him as if she had not meant to lose control of herself and was ashamed of it. "Why you no come back?"



"Which one's mine, nurse? I want to show my friends how he stands out from the others"



"I couldn't come, Tin San. Don't you understand? When the army says go—I go!"

"You lie to Tin San," she hissed defiantly. "Tin San wait—you no come. Tin San wait more days—you still no come. Tin San leave Shanghai, come to Keijo—maybe find you."

"Listen, Tin San, listen! I tried to get in touch with you. I went to your house. It was bombed out. I asked people. Nobody knew. Everybody looked blank. I wrote to friends in Shanghai. I tried the Red Cross. I heard that you were dead. It's been two years! Don't you understand? I tried, I tried," he shouted, shaking her.

"You still love Tin San?" she asked wistfully.

Ral smiled, a sly smile—as if he had known all along that he would win.

"Sure, honey, sure—you know Ral loves Tin San."

She came back into his arms



again and gazed into his face. Her eyes revealed a simple, child-like trust. Her hands caressed his face tenderly, worshipfully. Her body was warm.

"Tin San die little every day," she said sadly, leaning her head on his shoulder as they danced. Then she smiled and said boldly, "Tin San no die no more."

RAL WAS PENSIVE. He felt as if for the first time in his life he was holding someone pure and good and true—someone that trusted him and believed every word that he ut-

tered. He tried not to let his mind wander.

"You no leave Keijo?"

"Noooo," he said dreamily.

"You no leave Tin San?"

"Maybe in a year—maybe in eighteen months."

"You take Tin San when you go to America?"

"If I take you, Tin San," he asked, lifting her chin with his hand, "who will teach knowledge in the University of Shanghai?"

She meditated a moment.

"Tin San want to go where you go. Tin San leave University. Come find you. Tin San happy now."

Ral sighed, smiling and shaking his head.

"You take Tin San with you?" she pleaded.

"Sure I'll take you. Ral and Tin San will go together."

Ral felt a sharp nudge in the side, nearly knocking the breath

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from him. He relaxed his arms momentarily from around Tin San and turned to see who had been so rude. A bleary-eyed soldier gripped Tin San by the arm, pulling her to him. Ral gasped. "What th' hell?" he spat.

Tin San squealed and tried to wriggle loose. Ral was upon the soldier, shaking him by the back of the neck and shouting for him to release Tin San. Geishas ran off the dance floor, dragging their partners after them. Tin San squirmed loose and ran toward the piano hidden in the shadows. The musicians stopped playing and watched Ral struggling with the drunken soldier. Tin San put her head upon the corner of the piano and cried, shaking like one with convulsions. A couple of geishas comforted her, patting her on the back. Ral had the soldier by the collar, pounding him in the face as if he had lost all sense of restraint.



**R**OCKY BURST THROUGH the circle of people. Ral had the soldier down and straddled him. He beat him in the face. He banged his head against the floor. Rocky pinned Ral's arms behind him and lifted him to his feet. The soldier was sullen, sitting up and rubbing his bleeding lips.

"What th' hell?" Ral asked again, glancing at Rocky furtively and struggling to break loose.

"Cut it, you dope!" Rocky demanded, "can't you see he's drunk? You want the M.P.'s on us?"

"I'll plaster him all over the floor," Ral gritted, panting heavily and eyeing the soldier. He leaned over and picked up his cap.

A couple of soldiers came out on the dance floor and patted Ral on the back, congratulating him. Rocky lifted the battered soldier to his feet and gave him a shove off the dance floor, shouting after him, "get th' hell out of here if you want to start trouble!"

Ral started toward Tin San. Rocky grabbed him by the arm



and motioned for them to move to the corner of the room. Ral had his eyes on Tin San as he walked. Rocky nudged Ral, offering him a cigarette. He accepted it, stood on the edge of the dance floor waiting for a light, and started toward Tin San again.

"Wait a minute—don't be so damn anxious," Rocky said, jerking his arm.

"What's up?" Ral asked.

"In case we get split up," Rocky said smiling craftily, "I'll be waiting out in the back alley for you."

"Oke," Ral agreed.

Dropping his cigarette and stepping on the fire-tipped end, he joined Tin San, putting his arm around her. Her eyes were swollen from crying. Rocky came over after a minute or two and patted her lightly on the back. She looked around and smiled faintly at him.

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\*On the Raleigh Highway

"You no leave Tin San?" she asked.

"Never," Ral blurted.

SHE TOOK HIM BY THE HAND and led him through the dancers to the back entrance of the cabaret. Rocky was watching. Ral went to the door first and peeked out. He inhaled deeply. The street was empty, and the air was still, smelling fresh and invigorating. A half-moon nearly overhead gave off a dismal light. Somewhere in the distance a cur howled for its mate. The sing-song chanting of a harmless beggar drifted down the alley. He motioned for Tin San to follow. She closed the door behind her, muffling the twitter of the laughing geishas and the steady mumble of the civilians and soldiers. Tin San pointed toward the fourth streetlight from the cabaret. Ral nodded.

"We turn to right there," she said, pointing at the streetlight.

The moon was low over the flat-roofed buildings when Ral returned to the cabaret. A fuzzy silverness shone in the east. Slivers of light streamed through the cracks in the boarded-up market houses, and from within, rattling and scraping noises told that the city was awakening. Soon the people would be walking the alleys again. The beggars would be chanting in mournful monotones. The streets would be perfumed with the sickening odor of burning marijuana, and the jostling crowds would hasten during the sweltering heat of another day.

Rocky was curled up like a puppy and sleeping soundly on the back steps of the cabaret. Ral kneeled down and shook him. He laughed as Rocky



peeked out from under the brim of his cap.

"Bout time!" Rocky growled, getting to his feet and slapping the dust from his trousers. "Got a cigarette? I'm out."

"Yeah, I guess it was a pretty long wait," Ral laughed. He fumbled in his shirt pocket. "Hell!" he said, remembering, "I gave my cigarettes to some guy last night."

"You would!" Rocky griped.

Rocky yawned and stretched. Together they turned and

## QUESTIONS

- A Thirteen pieces here cleverly set,  
The letters they form mean the best cigarette.
- B Three on the left and one on the right,  
Two answers are white, and both are right.
- C It's in the name, it's in the frame;  
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6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
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8. Decision of judges will be final.

WATCH FOR THE WINNERS  
IN NEXT ISSUE

MEET  
ME  
AT

**Shorty's**  
FOR A SNACK  
and a  
Game of Billiards

Look Over Our Rack of  
MAGAZINES

"Open At All Hours"



walked down the narrow alley in the direction they had come. The buckles on their boots jingled in cadence with their stride. Rocky threw his arm around his friend's shoulder and hugged him.

"See," he bantered, "you ought to listen to ol' Rocky Gordon more often."

Ral was not listening. He was watching the young sun as it came up between the rows of buildings.

"Yep, I thought sure as hell

you weren't gonna' make it back," Rocky said good-naturedly, "but it's a good thing you did—I'd sure hate like the very devil for us to miss that boat today. Just think! The good ol' U.S.A!"

"Yep," Ral said regretfully as he turned to the right at the fourth streetlight from the cabaret, "the good ol' U.S.A. I sure will hate to see you go!"



#### WHAT'S SO FUNNY

(Continued from page seventeen)  
color to the shifting debris that pillowed the heads of many that had given up. Some of the dogs were still playing games that dogs play. Certainly mans best friend would have changed little. But, alas, I was wrong. They still missed their mothers and fathers that had not survived the campaign that came about because of rabies. Entering PD's I did get a wary nod of recognition. I placed a nickel in the juke box and walked to the counter in cadence with Chopin funeral march. Good Ole "PD" I drank my hemlock and started, as is the practice,

to sign the check. Good ole "PD." A meat cleaver glistened in the air. . . . Look no fingers.

"NO CREDIT."

"But . . ."

"NO CREDIT."

It was then that I noticed the thin forms scattered on the floor sobbing for food. These boys had been here all summer. I was lucky. I had only gone three days without eating. I tried to explain to PD that the checks didn't come in until the first of November. This only delighted him more and he began to dangle a pork chop in front of a groveling figure. As I heard him laugh—I wondered what was so damn funny.

Write a humor story. . . . Ha!!!!!!

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MERRY CHRISTMAS

VOL. LXV

HOLIDAY ISSUE



WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

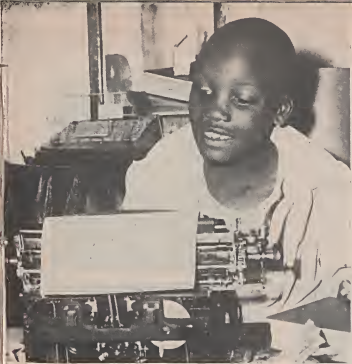
# Camels for Mildness

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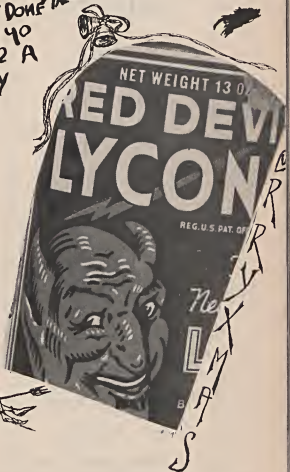
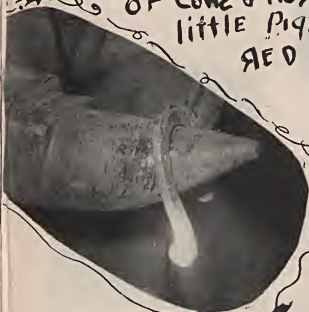
**NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING CAMELS!**





ONCE UPON A MIDNIGHT DREAMY  
 WHILE I POUNDERED WHEAT AND  
 I AIN'T HEERED NO' KNOCK <sup>WEARY</sup> ONDE  
 20 I THOUGHT I'D SEND A  
 XMAZ CARD TO THE BIG FO.  
 TO DOOK - <sup>SWELL</sup>  
 THIS YEAR YO AINT DONE  
 AFTER YO MET US YO  
 FACE WAZ RED AS A  
 STRAW BERRY

AT XMAZ I THINK OF 20142  
 LIKE 21EINT NIGH-  
 OF CON2 + HOR22 AND  
 LITTLE P192 PAINTED  
 RED AND WHITE.



DAT'S OK.  
 B1D GOLD + BLACK  
 HAVE A LITTLE  
 CHEER  
 YO KNOW2 WHAT  
 WE ALWAYS SAY2  
 LET WAIT TIL  
 NEXT YEAR.



TO CAROLINA-  
 I THINK OF PLAYING  
 IN THE SNOW  
 WHAT IS YO GAME?  
 WUZ YO ZICK OR  
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 WHAT WUZ  
 WRONG AT  
 NOTRE DAME?

QUOTE2 OF BAKEN EVERMO.

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MEET

ME

AT

**Shorty's**

~~~~~  
OPEN TO "WEE" HOURS  
OF MORN.  
~~~~~

## Contributors



Ralph Stowe

**R**ALPH STOWE is a handy man to have on any publication's staff. He knows law, music, sports, journalism, and how to run a speedboat. Above all he knows humor—snide, slapstick, or subtle. Toss in the above ingredients and you've got a highly versatile human with ears that would make Clark



Bob Howren

Gable hide in shame. Ralph is a veteran to the STUDENT staff. His work has appeared in nearly every issue of the "revised"

mag, and the talented law student is one big reason for the All-American rating of the magazine last year.

**H**OW WE CAN EXPOSE him. Bob Howren is the student you see walking around the campus with the "I know-something-on-you" smile on his face and a pipe in his mouth. Bob contributed the story on Professor



Bill Bethune

Timberlake in this issue and is well-known for his work on other campus publications. He has held practically every office the Eu society has to offer and has been an assistant in three departments. Versatile, stylish, and a senior—that's our boy.

**L**IKE FELLOW STAFF MEMBER, Ralph Stowe, Bill Bethune is another second term. Usually this handsome lad pounds out sports copy faster than we can print it, but we feel free to call on Bill for any type of story—

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Most Reliable  
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whether it be on food, chemistry, Doc Blanchard, or tobacco-selling in South Georgia. A premed student, Bill came to Wake Forest from West Point. His smiling face can be seen perched behind a WFDD microphone at any sporting event or he may be seen talking shop with Bobby Kellogg, as his scouting story illustrates.



Arthur Gore

ARTHUR GORE, JR., comes from a long line of Gores and a long line of writers. This veteran of the Paratroopers and the Sigma Pi house has been labeled the fastest short story writer in existence. While other students are killing a couple of hours in the sack, Art is knocking out a short story. Not only does Art burn the machine constantly turning out short stories but he also spends a great deal of time working on a novel he is writing.

The novel will have familiar flavor for most Tarheels since the locale Gore selected is the pine flats area near Fayetteville, North Carolina, and many of the characters he presents smack with traits we see and know in our backwoods country.

Arthur took time out from his novel-writing activity long enough to deliver *Undertow*, a short story he just pulled from his duffel in time to make this issue of the STUDENT.

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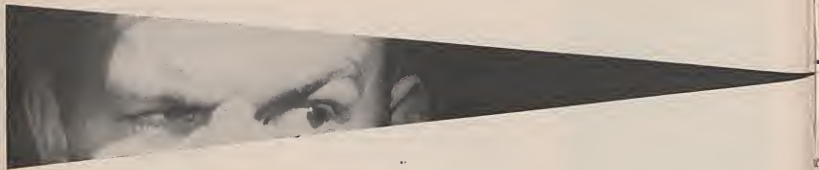
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HAMILTON  
GRUEN'S  
BULOVA

**DIAMOND RINGS**

**Raleigh's Most Reasonable  
Price Jewelers**





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## Editorial

MY FELLOW STUDENTS:

Once again it is time for the monthly report to you my fellow students, whom I shall refer to as The Student Body. I hope you will grant me, the grand master of The Student Body, this privilege.

The main action of consequence this month was to appoint a committee to make a detailed and exact study of the Ping Pong Ball shortage. This situation came about because, quite frankly, of the Ping Pong Ball shortage. I have taken the liberty to call this committee COPPBS. This is not novel in itself because quite frankly one may see that the C stands for Committee and the other letters, if you will refer back, stand for the various other first letters of the name of the committee which is the committee that I referred to before as the committee on the shortage of Ping Pong Balls. This committee will be referred to as COPPBS. COPPBS has conscientiously attacked this difficult problem and meets every day to further analyze the shortage of the Ping Pong Balls which is the problem that has been referred to and which is quite frankly the reason for this letter to you, my fellow students. COPPBS in turn appointed sub committees which have worked on the various and different rules that are causing the trouble and are the reason that these committees have been appointed.

Rule 269X states: Player or Players when retiring from the game may place the ball or pellet in a place of concealment and thus conceal the ball. However, rule 2430X states that the Player or Players may take this ball or pellet from its place of concealment where it has been concealed in. Quite frankly, one may see that neither rule makes any mention of the ownership and if one refers back to either rule no one knows whose ball it is, and therefore the rules are not exactly in conflict but are incomplete on the face if you go back and read them.

COPPBS saw the responsible responsibility and concerned itself with ironing out the difficulties along with the other subcommittees who took care of the two rules. These rules have been stated and we promise to put COPPBS and the other various committees on the ball ping pong and come out of this pongle situation and it was agreed to cobbel the shortage into concealment and quite frankly the confilion is therefore and to you my fellow ping pongs I conceal to pongle until the pingles are referred to.

T. LAMEY COBBEL.





# Hey.

THERE COMES A TIME when every young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. Then manifestations of love are manifold, lighting various paths of direction for each and every aspiring gigolo.

In our time, one of education and jackpots, it is almost necessary that our young men be properly schooled as to the rigors, rules, mores, and requisites of being a lover. To this end various philanthropists throughout the world have dedicated their lives to making our youth strong and virile and competent to compete on the muscle market.

The gentlemen of the physical culture world have been unstinting in their efforts to provide the under-endowed and over-eager young man with a set of first class muscles.

This is a tribute to the beautifiers of the male body, who, in their love for the human race, have inserted blood and manu-

factured tissue in mass production.

Ad Christmas was a ninety-eight pound weakling, believe it or not. Three years ago Ad blew into Wake Forest on a zephyr and was lodged in an oak tree next to the little dorm. In this oak tree there lived a mother robin, and this mother robin spotted Ad peeping timidly from inside a rotten acorn. After due consideration she decided that he was not a worm but a bird, because, as any robin knows, worms don't ride in zephyrs.

MOTHER ROBIN, being a charitable middle-aged house robin, took Ad in with her as one of the family and for a week fattened him on the best that the cafeteria had to offer. Ad gained one pound, and mama decided to let him try his wings. The added poundage, coupled with his lack of wings, caused him to lose altitude rather

rapidly and by the time he had hit the ground he was in front of the Lambda Chi house. It was rush week. The LC's spotted him on the way down, discussed him, and pledged him before he hit the ground.

Rush week is a nice week. That is the week when everybody with ten dollars in his pocket is invited to the various seminars at the local houses scattered about the campus. At these seminars are discussed various phases of education, religion, and other topics timely to the lives and times of ourselves.

At the end of rush week, the brothers are very tired. They have indoctrinated the fledglings, spent much time in meditation and academic counterpoint and believe that a small amount of discrete relaxation goes a long way toward preparing the mind for the endless hours of toil that they anticipate for the coming school year.

# H. Skinny!



*by Ralph Stowe*

Consequently, the brothers prepared a buffet supper in the recreation room of the religion building, and naturally Ad was invited to participate, even though he was not a full-fledged brother. It was there that Ad realized that girls were different from boys, and it was there that Ad first became the proper subject for the lovers of the body beautiful.

The buffet supper was a splendid affair. The president stood at the head of the receiving line and warmly welcomed each and every person by name. Many of the brothers' wives were there, as well as many of the young ladies with their friends from the girls' dormitory. It was a typical fraternity function; one of jollity and comradeship, warming the cockles of your heart. Decorations for the occasion were contributed by the IRC, with the theme being the opening of the football season. Tiny figures of Captain Ed

Bradley were cut from paper and placed at random throughout the hall, and thin strips of black and white paper were hamstrung across the ceiling, subtly depicting the overseeing eye of the referee in each and every contest. The highlight of the evening was a rendition of the ever popular "Go, Dear Old Wake Forest, Go" by Douglas C. Walker, the genial mentor. He was accompanied at the piano by Ray Jones, who in every day life is a cheerleader. Mr. Jones carried through bravely to the last bar despite a serious attack of colic. Mr. Walker was, of course, in his usual fine voice.

NOW YOU CAN understand why Ad was at the point of tears. The beautiful spirit of the school and living and things had caught him and swept him off his feet. He loved everyone, but had no one to love. He began to notice, as the party hit





THIS IS NOT Taxi, the bird, on the rail. It is our hero's date. Note the jaunty angle of his cap, the way he ad-

mires her new loafers. What a dashing fellow this. The skin you love to touch. He rubs the lotion into his hands.

"KEEP THE CHANGE!!!" Our hero alights from the shining chariot. Notice how the sweet young thing, his date, only

has eyes for him. Taxi, the bird, is not home. Remember Ad, some girls turn to pumpkins at 12:00. Get home early.







ON THE BEACH at last. A bottle of Truade and thou. There's one on every beach. "If it isn't flies or ants, it's the athletic type." "Watch that sand, Mac!!"



"How DID YOU know my name was Mac?" "I just guessed, sonny boy."



GUESS HOW BIG the men are where I come from and guess what's going to happen to you. Alas, we need not wonder nor guess too long. Poor Ad.



"I'M GOING with a real man. Come back to see me in a 100 pounds." . . .



DOES YOUR BLOOD circulate? Is your chest large enough to accommodate your lungs? No? Do you feel rundown after eight quarters of football? H'm'm!

YOU WILL EMERGE fresh, vigorous, and confident, if you obey rules. Seat in background is on practice hay rake.



IN TEN EASY inexpensive lessons you too may be feared. Don't he frighten you?

its peak, that boys and girls began to pair off, and indulge in such gambols as he had never seen. They would sit close to one another. He saw one young lady in particular that he liked very much. She was standing in the corner with a young man, nameless here, and was carried away in conversation whispered and fervent. Occasionally she would twitter and smile and roll her eyes. It definitely interested him, although he didn't know why. Presently a brother walked over to him and said, "Makes your blood surge, doesn't it, brother Ad-ward?"

Ad secretly decided to see this young lady at some future date. In proper fashion Ad contacted the lady and made an appointment to take her to Merrill's Lake.

Ad appeared at appointed hour. He was attired casually in grey pleated flannels with an outside seam. His blouse was a cotton

you too  
n you?



OUR HERO, having grown in wisdom and stature, discovers our villain in the act of deciphering a Pearson history

quiz, and is become blind as a bat. Villain feebly points accusing finger at Snyder and mutters, "No five cent cones."

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gabardine trick in tasteful yellow. It was made exciting by a billowing sail that protruded from abaft the left shoulder, yawning gently around the small of his back with the stern coming to rest two points below his navel. His footwear had been selected in the best pediatric style. It was white suede with red rubber soles. His hair was semi-crew cut, accenting a natural cowlick just over the right eye. In proper outdoor fashion, Ad scorned the wearing of headgear. Ad was all set.

THE TRIP TO THE BEACH was uneventful.

Rather, to be quite frank, it was apparently uneventful, because this was the first time Ad had ever ridden in a taxi. The meter at first puzzled him, and when a half mile rang off it startled him somewhat. But, to return, all in all, Ad conducted himself admirably, even to the painful nonchalance

(Continued on page twenty-six)



AND WHO WOULDN'T live happily ever after?

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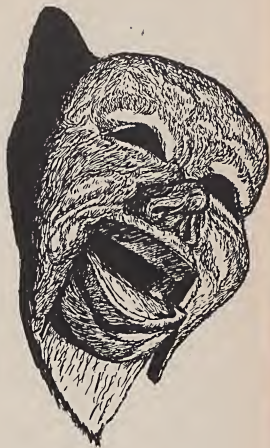


# UNDERTOW

A Story

By

Arthur Gore



MONK JESSUPS spread spindly fingers over the warped ivories of the piano and gazed with glassy eyes at the haze of smoke floating lazily in layers throughout the tavern. He was swaying his slender body in cadence with the second tune when a shadow moved across the keys. A lusty blonde had sidled over to him and rested her elbow on the corner of the dusty piano. Through slits shaded a deep purple by mascara, she watched as his agile fingers painted a sequential pattern over the blacks and whites.

She fixed her eyes on the tattoo on his right arm, the etching of a naked lady with long, disheveled hair; around the body of the lady a snake was curled, and the words "Death Before Dishonor," were printed upon the body of the snake.

The silhouetted dancers in Doc Mumkin's "Riverboat" blurred into obscurity, and a gleam infested his roguish eyes as they sleepily met her languid body. The hull of a smile creased her

scarlet lips as she sensed the impact of the suggestive sneering smile he flashed at her.

"Hello," she whispered throatily, "first time I've noticed you 'round here."

"Yeah? That ain't unusual—I'm just another piano player," Monk retorted, his alligator eyes resting on the neck of her low-cut dress, bordered with yellow frills.

She laughed vigorously and hoarsely, as if her voice had aged and mellowed with rum, and as if she enjoyed laughing. "You're a wise guy, ain't you?"

"All depends on how you take th' word," he muttered with superiority and a shrug of his bony shoulders. Glancing down at his unusually long fingers, he admired them as he played.

"Care t' find out for yourself?" she hinted as she lifted a careful plucked eyebrow.

Just as Monk opened his mouth to reply, the cabaret tilted as if a giant river-monster had lifted one end, then placed it back down on the murky, rip-

pling waters. The jerk nearly chipped his edged nerves, and he forgot what he was about to say before nature's interruption.

"Someday this boat's goin' t' be washed loose from th' dock an' carried right out t' sea," Monk cracked resolutely, ceasing to play the piano, spreading his fingers on his knees and watching them.

"Yeah," the blonde confirmed, "an' this river's got a terrific undertow. One day I saw't catch a feller an' suck 'im under in no time."

The merry-makers, alarmed by the sudden jostle of the boat, began to leave, overworking the swinging doors that were badly in need of greasing. They walked some twenty yards down a narrow plank to the shore and were swallowed up by darkness. The blonde had started to saunter away too.

"Where you goin'?" Monk called as he grabbed her by the arm.

She grimaced and twisted  
(Continued on page twenty-eight)



**H**OW MANY OF YOUR best friends have ever shot you twice? No kidding, think it over for just a minute. Twice, and with a .22 rifle both times. If this has ever happened to you, well, the guy that shot you is a character. This story may sound just a little bit far-fetched, but so help me every word of it is the truth—straight and unadulterated. I've got the scars to prove it.

I've had plenty of time to think this thing over and most of it was spent in a hospital bed while my body was all aching and racked with pain. The more I think about it the more I'm convinced that Johnny Dillon is a character.

Johnny is about the unluckiest boy I've ever known. Lady Luck has never been known to even glance his way. If you hitchhike with him you'll never reach your destination. If the car you finally catch is going all the way to your destination it breaks down before you get there. He just doesn't have any luck at all.

## STUDENT

## CHARACTER

# Deadeye Dillon

by bill hensley

**I** KNOW OF ONLY one time when he was lucky, but even this incident will show you how he was unlucky at the same time. When Johnny was a tail gunner on a B-17 his plane was hit by flak just before the ship reached the American lines. Well, when the pilot gave the order to bail out Johnny got excited. As he kicked out the door of his escape hatch he kicked out his parachute along with it. This particular plane didn't carry any extra 'chutes, so the subject of this story knew he was in one helluva mess. He dashed up to the waist of the plane, and for the first time in his life luck smiled in his face. The waist gunner had brought an extra 'chute by some strange coincidence and Johnny jumped to safety.

But even then he was unlucky. The plane had barely managed to struggle about a mile inside the Allied lines before the crew bailed out.

The wind blew him right back into the German occupied zone, and he was greeted with open arms—by a Jerry infantryman. Ironically enough, Johnny thought he was being greeted by a Frenchman since the guy didn't have on a uniform, and he was happy about the whole thing. Johnny shouted, "Hi, there," or whatever the French say for hello. But the Jerry didn't understand French, so

he didn't return the salutation—except to make a few motions with an awfully big rifle. Johnny didn't mind being a prisoner of war anyway. After all, it was only for two months.

But let's get back to this business of him shooting me a couple of times. We used to go hunting nearly every afternoon after school, or in the mornings when we didn't go to school. On this particular morning we weren't hunting anything in particular—rabbits, squirrels, street lights, birds, anything—it didn't matter. Suddenly Johnny saw a sparrow. It had a ferocious look about it, so Johnny decided he had better shoot it. He missed, as usual, but he didn't miss me—as usual. It was just a flesh wound in the left leg about four inches long and three inches deep. I made a good catch of the slug. Little did I know that I was an excellent receiver and would have other chances to prove it.

**J**OHNNY SAID IT WAS an accident. I believed him. I tried to think of something I had said to hurt his feelings but I couldn't. I knew I didn't owe him any money. Heck, it couldn't have been because of that girl we were both dating because he was making out better than I. Okay, so it was an accident. I'm  
(Continued on page thirty-three)

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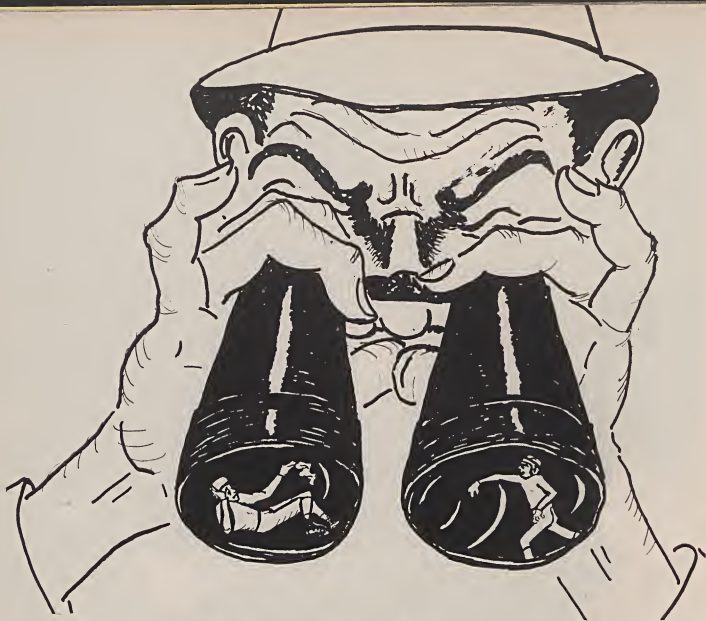
## Wake Student Goes Wading

**N**ORM LARSON, a student from Connecticut, was returning from the Carolina-Wake Forest game when he had a burning

desire for water. He had heard about North Carolina water. He stopped his car at the most convenient creek to slake his thirst.

## Picture of the Month

He jumped from the car, knelt down by the stream and started to drink. He did not know the water was twelve feet away.



## Private Eye(s)

*These scouts don't win merit badges, but  
they'd make first class in any troop*

*by Bill Bethune*



Way back in '39 and '40 when limited substitution kept a man in the game sixty minutes, Bob Kellogg, the young man in the inset danced around the teams opposing Tulane so often he won the name "Jitterbug" and a berth on the All-American team. He's been in Wake Forest since 1946 and is functioning as backfield coach and scout for the Baptists.

The notes and diagrams Coach Kellogg takes during one one hour session in the press-box will rival the manuscript of any doctor's thesis—just as complex too. A lot of the information you will find in the following story on scouting, which is centered around Kellogg, came direct from his archives to you.

NO ACCURATE REPORT ever came back from the battle of The Little Big Horn, but chances are that Custer could

have pulled an upset over Sitting Bull if he hadn't neglected one thing. He forgot to scout the opposition! Consequently, the Sioux ran the West Point bad boy ragged with some formations that he had never seen, and then rode off with the ball game. That was the last time that the Indians beat the Army until Dartmouth turned the trick in '37, but the lesson learned made a lasting impression.





Some eighty or ninety years later, up in hostile country around South Bend, Indiana, eleven Army scouts took their glasses in hand and eyed an outfit that the old warrior could have put under one wigwam. But that had caused the United States Army more trouble in fifteen years than all the redskins west of the Mississippi had caused in fifty. Coach Earl Blaik had dispatched Bob Woodruff, now at Baylor, and ten assistants to take a good look at a bunch of braves under Chief Frank Leahy. Unlike Custer, who ranked him a full grade, Colonel Blaik didn't want to run into another massacre.

Back behind the lines, Jack Laval and ten subordinates had moved into Michie Stadium to diagram the strategy of a youngster who was still two years away from a commission. They were watching a cadet by the name of Arnie Tucker closer than the Japs had watched Fighting Doug. To make a long

story short, eleven men in the stands each had a position to watch on the field. Scouting personified; Notre Dame didn't want to get ambushed either!

And so it goes throughout the length and breadth of the land every Saturday afternoon. Maybe every club in the country doesn't have eleven men in the stands on a particular week-end, but any team that means to make its presence felt the following week will have at least one scout present to look over the opposition the week before. Some of the larger institutions scout their opponents four and five weeks in advance, and, of course, systems and scouting procedures vary as much as the teams themselves. Through it all, we see that Walter Camp's game of football has come to be big business, and the football scouts have a firm seat on the board of directors.

football. Over the years, the flying wedge and other assorted acts of mayhem were barred from the game. Football retooled to transform itself into the precision-timed, smart-thinking game that it is today, and scouting changed along with it. In sharp contrast to the scout of



IT HASN'T ALWAYS been this way, as any of the old time signal stealers will be glad to tell you. Some thirty or forty years back, a football scout often received the treatment that the British accorded Nathan Hale. In the days when footballs were painted on jerseys and the flying wedge was an approved method of producing touchdowns, a scout was taken to be just what he is today, a spy in the enemy camp. By "taken" we mean that he was usually taken out of the stands by the fans, and as a spy—found his occupation no less hazardous than a safety man between a wedge formation and the goal line.

But times change, and so did

yesteryear, hunched over his notes in a far corner of the stands, today's advance man is comfortably located in one of the best seats in the press box, and equipped with enough diagrams to build a cyclotron. Vastly different, too, is the responsibility of today's scout. The boys who observed a tailback with a handlebar mustache were mainly concerned with whether or not it would be humane for his club to tackle the crew which he was watching. In the last few years football scouts have been coming back with an analysis that includes everything from pass patterns to the way

(Continued on page thirty-four)





## The Wayfaring Stranger

by Underwood

PERHAPS ONE DAY about thirty years ago in Hunt Township, Jasper County, Illinois, Grandmaw White took a drag off an old clay pipe, patted a three-year-old boy on the head and began singing a song of spurned love. About a year later, at the age of four, this same little boy sang "Barbara Allen" for one dollar. This was Burl Ives' first public appearance. It is to Grandmaw White that we are indebted for planting the seeds of interest that have grown and

produced such a ballad singer as Burl Ickle Ivanhoe Ives.

Twenty years later Illinois State Teachers' College won the conference championship, and crowds cheered the star full-back. Grandmaw White didn't see that game, but she would have been proud of her now larger grandson. Just before graduation Burl became bored with college life and decided to see something of his native land. He took his guitar and money, which at the time was fifteen cents, and started thumbing.

His destination was New



Burl Ives

York. Here he began to study singing. Of course in this hardened city of Yankees and concrete there were many days of heartbreak and discouragement. But after a time he appeared on the NBC and CBS networks and began to make a few records. He was immediately recognized: Carl Sandburg acclaims Burl as, "The greatest ballad singer in this, or any, century." With this success he went to Hollywood, where he played roles in *Smokey*, *Green Grass of Wyoming* and, most recently, took the part of the singing



"Pictures . . . sure. . . Want a profile or what?"



"Gonna have me a Dude Ranch . . . just sit back and watch stuff grow."



"What song I like best. . . . The one I'm singing right now."



"College . . . I was kicked out of several."



"Be-Bop!!! Never heard of it."



"Leadbelly, he's great . . . I hear the old fellow's been sick."

blacksmith, Uncle Hiram, in Walt Disney's *So Dear To My Heart*. It was here that he wrote his book, *Wayfaring Stranger*.

Burl is a master showman and is able to portray the songs of yesteryear with such feeling that the audiences feel the drama of each song. For this he could well be called an interpreter of folk songs rather than a folk-song singer. I am sure that the simple unaffected people who sang these same

songs of sadness and joy so many years ago would give Mr. Ives a nod of approval.

WHEN I FIRST MET Mr. Ives he was carrying a shirt in one hand and wearing a battered green hat with feathers in its band. When he took off the hat I saw that this 270-pound mountain was pinnacled with red hair. He was slightly bald, but a red goatee made up for this loss.

He never tired of answering questions. I asked him about the other ballad singers of our time, and he had nothing but the best to say about them: remarks such as, "Leadbelly? I think he's great. I hear the old fellow has been sick."

Being an anti-Be-Bop (Cont'd on p. 39)





# Even in Death

by bill underwood

"I'LL BE BUSY with that new contract; you know, the bridge outside of town." He said it with fondness in his eyes. It was always like this when he spoke of the various jobs he was completing or planning to start.

"If you can possibly make it, please try. We haven't been together in a long while." She said this and couldn't cover the helplessness that she always tried to hide. He merely nodded and, as she reached up and kissed him on the cheek, put on his coat and moved out of the door.

Brushing his cheek, he wondered why she always did that. Why did she always ask him to wear his coat?

"I just can't understand her. . . 'Be careful on the job.' She ought to know that I will be. I don't want to be hurt. I guess I have been. . . I wonder if we have figured in enough steel on those concrete pilings. If all of that steel is tied in I can start them pouring today." It was always like this; he would have a thought for his wife and then the most important thing of his life would take her place, his work.

HE WAS THE BEST construction engineer in this part of the country. He was proud of this. He remembered in college. . . "Hurry up with that sand-wich, Mac, I haven't got all day." He remembered studying late at night and having coffee when the others were having steaks, leaving to go to the

movies, attending the various games that made up a college life, when you have the money. He had graduated with honors, and because he never asked for help, he was what he was today.

He moved on into his office, nodding at the people he hardly knew that made up the office staff. He knew them by the duties they performed. There was no time for personalities in his life. He looked down at the desk and saw a note reminding him to call his wife. "I'd better do that . . ."; his eye caught the blueprints waving on the table in the corner and he moved over and caressingly rearranged them.

"How's the job going this morning, Brown?"

"Fine, Mr. Winston. We've already poured two hundred yards."

"Well, keep that concrete wet and bring that other mixer over on this side."

HE WALKED OVER THE GIRDERS and looked down at the workmen tying the smaller steel in the tall wooden forms. The grinding of the mixers was pleasing to his ears. This was his kind of music; he understood this, and he understood the various gears that caused this pleasant sound. He had designed this mammoth bridge and had watched the pilings rise from the muddy bottom of the river. He had watched the steel skeleton being bolted together and reach towards the sky. This was his life; he had worked for it and he was at the top. He had married because it was the thing to do. "Damn! I forgot to. . . Keep that concrete wet!!!"



# Death . . . I'll never leave you.

Mary Winston sat by the window and looked at the tall buildings as a woman summing up a rival. "You have taken him away from me." The bridges in the distance seemed to mock her. "If it wasn't for you . . ." she turned away. "If he would stay here but one day in the week, just to stay and talk to me . . . no, not talk . . . he wouldn't do that. But just sit here and let me talk to him. I've tried so hard."

She remembered the days when they had been in college. He had been no different then. But she thought that she could change him. She had even done the childish thing of reading books about construction. "Perhaps, if I could learn of his god, then I could reach him." She remembered the day they had been married . . . "until death us do part." They had walked along together and she had looked up at him and. . . "I'll never leave you, John; not even in death." He had laughed. She loved to see him laugh; he seldom did. And then it was not the light-hearted laugh that she wanted to hear.

She remembered the day that he had fallen on the job. The feeling she had as she rushed to the hospital. . . "I'll never leave you, John, not even in death." She couldn't help being possessive, and it hurt her because this trait was a part of her. It hurt to love a man such as John. She knew that he loved her. He just didn't realize it. If he would but realize it before it was too late. If he would cry as she had done so many times with no one to comfort her. She would never let him know what

she had been through alone. He would never know how she had cried and cursed the steel girded bridges and buildings that surrounded their apartment. "If he could cry and I could be there to hold his hand and . . ." but he never did.

SHE SAT THAT NIGHT and waited for him to come in. She always waited because they sat and drank coffee and talked, or, at least, she did; he never had much to say. "If I could just not be too possessive." But she was.

"I waited for you. I was worried because you didn't call. . ."

"I got the note, but I guess I just forgot. You shouldn't have stayed up."

"Did everything go all right today?"

"Yes, pretty good. You'd better go to bed; I have a little figuring to do yet."

She tried to hide the pain in her eyes, but there was no need to hide it. He wouldn't have understood what it was. He understood calculus. He had no time for personal feelings.

"I read something today while you were gone. I wish that you would read it before you go to bed." She came over and took his hand, gave him the book and walked into their room.

He sat there until early in the morning figuring the bid for his next job. As he got up to go to their room, the book caught his eye and he glanced hurriedly at the opened page.

"YET each man kills the thing he loves,

By each let this be heard,  
Some do it with a bitter look,

(Continued on page thirty-eight)





# Toelake

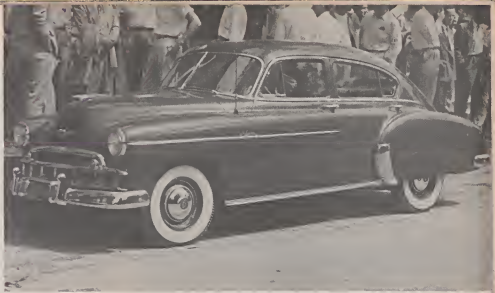
by

Bob Howren

THE MAN WHO HAS TAUGHT more law students than any other law professor in North Carolina stood on the steps of the Phi Alpha Delta law fraternity one Saturday afternoon a few weeks ago, listening to some oratory by his friend, Judge Hubert Olive, of Lexington. He hadn't especially wanted to come to the meeting, but Judge Burney and Dean Lee had insisted it wouldn't last very long. Now it looked as if Hubert were going to spend the entire afternoon extolling the merits of some man who is held in extremely high esteem by lawyers and law students all over the state, and who seems to

have established some sort of record as to the number of students he has taught. A crowd of students and some of the faculty were gathered on the steps listening to Judge Olive, and Prof. Timberlake wondered when the meeting was going to start.

He gazed at a sleek and shiny new Chevrolet sedan standing by the curb in front of the speaker and considered whose it was. It was then that Mr. Jesse Jones, lawyer from Kinston, handed him some keys, and only then did Prof. Timberlake realize that it was he Judge Olive had been talking about. He had just become the owner of a '49



FELLOW PROFESSORS and students of Professor Timberlake await his arrival. The car in the foreground is a brand-new 1949 Chevrolet Fleetline for him.



AFTER MUCH persuasion Professor Timberlake approaches the "meeting" with friends, still unaware.



HE LISTENS to oratory by his friend Judge Hubert Olive. He does not find that it concerns him before its presentation.

"Chevvy"—four-door Deluxe. If Prof. Timberlake thought the surprises were over, he had to think again because Mr. James A. Nance of Fayetteville had more to add. With a legal joke about not wanting the Professor to become involved in a law-suit, he produced and handed to Prof. Timberlake a paid-up liability insurance policy on the car.

Still there was more to come. Mr. Irwin Carlyle turned magician and from his hat pulled a

stack of bills that made the eyes of the spectators pop. "To buy gas with," he said.

All but speechless amidst the applause, Prof. T. managed to murmur, "I thank you more than it's possible for me to express."

In this way the lawyers of North Carolina and the law students of Wake Forest expressed their gratitude to a man who has done as much for the law profession in this state as any man, and infinitely more than

most; a teacher who is loved and respected by all who have gone out from his classroom. His influence has been felt more widely than most persons realize through the men who have studied under him and have left Wake Forest to become leaders in the profession for which he has helped prepare them.

NO ONE TAKES full credit for having originated the idea of this gift to Professor Timberlake, but chief engineer of the



PROFESSOR "TOELAKE" is handed the title and insurance papers after he realizes that this fine gift is for him.



MR. IRWIN CARLYLE, after this picture was taken, presented Toe with the extra money for upkeep.



PROFESSOR TIMBERLAKE stands by the gift given him by friends, mostly students, all over the state for forty-three years of faithful service and patient teaching.

plan was Judge John J. Burney, a former student of the Professor from Wilmington. Judge Burney sent letters to inform "Toe's" former students of the plan, and the response, if we are to judge the cause from the effect, was excellent. Obviously, a lot of people had had the same idea before, at least the sentiment was there, but until last summer no one had done anything about it.

"A gentleman, and a scholar"

is the way he is described by those who come in contact with him, this man who has been professor of law at Wake Forest for forty-three years. In 1906 Edgar W. Timberlake came fresh from the law school of the University of Virginia to begin a teaching career which was to bring him loving fame throughout this section of the country. This career has been uninterrupted, and for three years he was dean of the Wake Forest

Law School (1919-1922). Meanwhile, his teaching did not keep him from rendering some measure of public service. He was town commissioner of Wake Forest for twenty years and town attorney for a number of years afterward.

Professor Timberlake's interests and activities extend further than the legal field, however. He is a thirty-third degree Scottish Rite Mason and a

(Continued on page twenty-six)





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CAROL MOORE

Don't play those old songs

## TOELAKE

(Continued from page twenty-four)  
Shriner. He is Past Grand Master of Masons in North Carolina, Past Grand High Priest of the Royal Arch Chapter of North Carolina, and Past Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of North Carolina. And those who know tell us that all these titles make him a "wheel" so far as Masonic activities are concerned. They tell us, too, that he and Dr. Poteat practically rewrote the Masonic ritual a few years past.

A member of the third generation of the Simmons family of Wake Forest, Prof. Timberlake is not the first of his line to color the history of the college. His grandfather, Dr. William Gaston Simmons, came here exactly a hundred years ago last August, and since that time the history of the Simmons family has had a strikingly close connection with Wake Forest.

To speak of the Simmons family is to speak of continuous devotion and service to Wake Forest College and to North Carolina. Of Dr. Simmons' line, two sons and a daughter have been graduated with brilliant records as students. The daughter was the first co-ed to be admitted and the first woman graduate. Three other grandsons, besides Prof. Timberlake, took degrees here, and Prof. Timberlake has already surpassed his grandfather's length of service as a teacher. A granddaughter of Dr. Simmons is the wife of "Coach Phil" Utley. The third generation of Simmons was not the last, for in the past few years about five great-grandchildren have received degrees from Wake Forest.

**L**AW STUDENTS ATTEST to the gentlemanly manner of "Ol' Toe." They say it seems as if it would be the worst sort of thing for him to embarrass a student who is "temporarily" at a loss for words in class recitation. He takes pains to cover a student's ignorance with a blanket of politeness and consideration, and when the right

answer is forthcoming, it is always "absolutely correct."

There are few students who do not know the thin, scholarly, bow-tie-clad figure of Edgar W. Timberlake, but if there are those who don't, he will probably be found either in his law classes or, if it is mealtime, down at the "Hen House"; if not, then doubtless he went "toe" the movie.

## HEY SKINNY!

(Continued from page eleven)  
that he exhibited when he told the Cabby to keep the change.

At the beach Ad did not fare so well. He knew already that boys were different from girls. He knew that the difference was such as to send the blood surging through his veins. He did not know that he had no blood.

While they reposed, enjoying the sun and the waves, a man in a bathing suit walked onto the beach. This man was rather well constructed. His build indicated that he believed in functional design, although there was considerable evidence of definition. Ad recognized him as a football player, and imme-

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diately decided to engage him in conversation, hoping thereby to impress his lady friend with his importance in and around the campus. After a very pleasant greeting, the man kicked a few grains of sand in the general vicinity of Ad's mouth.

"Sort of unfriendly," Ad mused quietly.

While musing, the gridiron great coyly winked and was walking away with Ad's girl, who was foaming and panting eagerly as they trotted toward the bathhouse.

Not outdone, Ad determined to retrieve her, and in pursuance got his face unceremoniously smashed in.

AS YOU PERCEIVE, the day was a total loss, and Ad's spirit was near the breaking point. He vowed that he would not live unavenged and with his love unrequited. It was at this stage of Ad's existence that the physical culturists entered his life. Extending a helping hand, they gave him that needed drive to be not only successful, but also beautiful.

It was quite by accident that Ad discovered the glory of a beautiful body, and it was also by accident that he found out that he could, himself, build on his frame a set of muscles that would prepare him to defend his honor on any field of physical combat.

IT IS USELESS to comment concerning the care that Ad received during his period of training. He was devoted to his course, and the muscle men were devoted to him. They showered him with diets, barbells, and lessons. He worked and sweated day after day. In a very short time, he could press, clean jerk, and dead lift. He had learned the location of the major muscles of the body and one by one he was building them to magnificent proportions. Systematically he was becoming a man. It was, at times, a bit



inconvenient; for example, after the first week he began to concentrate on his left arm, and at the end of the week, he could not get his left arm in his sleeve. The right arm was o.k., but that left arm just wouldn't go in. He would sit in class and massage and squeeze his left arm, trying to bring it nearer to the size of his small right arm, but to no avail. Then too, there was the delay between the eighth and ninth lessons that had produced some embarrassing moments; the eighth lesson was concerning the building of the thigh, and Ad had been quite avid in building his legs. After the sixth day, his thighs had more than doubled, but unfortunately the lower part of his legs, namely the calves, was to be in the ninth lesson. To be more explicit, Ad's legs resembled a churn turned upside down, and it became quite annoying when people started throwing horseshoes at his legs, thinking that he was a stob, and the situation became impossible when the local canines began to dampen his socks as he walked along. He solved the problem neatly by donning a skirt and blouse and announcing his candidacy for May Day. *The Old Gold and Black* predicted a run-off).

An so on throughout the campaign toiled our hero. Under the guiding gentle hand of the mighty men, he became one of them. At appropriate ceremonies he received his diploma. He

signified his acceptance and gratitude by flexing violently the bojavinal jurix of the third tibula and throwing the president of the institution off the stage, while at the same time pressing above his head a 340 lb. barbell.

He forthwith sought out his enemy to be the instrument of his undoing. After much search he found him in a secluded soda shop where he was on his third lemon soda. The enemy was, at long last, at bay.

As the moment arrived for the terrible conflict, the lessons of fraternalism and the brotherhood of man flashed across his brain. He blushed with shame at his taking advantage of this muddled shell of a man. The flesh was willing, but the spirit was weak. He could not do it. The very sight of the man, torn limb from limb by the mighty Ad, caused him to reflect on the tenderness and kindness he had received. He decided to

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show mercy and justice, so with an understanding and compassionate hand, he deftly inserted a switch-blade knife into the rippling muscle on the back of his neck.

## UNDERTOW

(Continued from page thirteen)

away from him, speaking over her shoulder; "I'm in room twenty-one down at th' Mermaid Hotel. Come on down. We'll have a few mixed—say about 'midnight.'" She smiled coyly, artfully.

Monk's sleepy eyelids twitched, and he watched her slink away until she disappeared among the few remaining dancers. Then he admired his talented fingers again, thinking that he surely did know the art of handling a situation.

**S**HORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT, Monk's bony knuckles were rapping lightly on the door labeled twenty-one. He wondered why the blonde never had polished the tainted brass numerals. As he carelessly flipped his cigarette to the floor, but stamped out only the fire-tipped end of it with an eleven



and one-half shoe, the latch clicked and the masked eyes peeked through the cracked door at him.

"Come on in," the blonde whispered, "there's a bottle on th' table—pour your own." She nodded to a rickety table across the room beside the window.

The door squeaked shut behind him, and he leaned heavily against it, glued there, astonishment and fear contorting his face. A cold sweat broke out in the palms of his hands, and his tongue choked him.

The blonde walked over to the bed, her arm hanging naturally at her side, a 32 Mauser gripped in her hand. Monk was afraid to turn his back to her and run. If she planned to kill him for some unknown reason, he did not want to die with a slug in his back.

"What's th' idea of th' wea-

pon?" he ejaculated, knowing that it wasn't any use trying to convince himself that he wasn't scared. "You spectin' somebody?"

"Sorta," she muttered, with a trite gesture of her shoulders, placing the Mauser under her pillow.

When Monk saw her put away the gun, he became less suspicious. His eyes darted about, meticulously inspecting every nook and corner, even the splintered floor. Cheap gin, he thought.

A balmy breeze was whispering through the cheese-cloth curtains, purifying the pungent air. At intervals, the room was painted a soft red by a blinking neon sign. A double bed, unmade, sunken in the center and supported by four ornate posts, stood in the right-hand corner. The dresser beside the door was cluttered by an assortment of bottles, powder-boxes, and hairpins. The wall adjacent to the dresser showed that the blonde often changed her shades of lipstick. The plastering had been cracked by continual dank weather and bits of it crunched under his feet.

Monk liked the homey atmosphere. He wished that he could afford such a room on the salary Doc Mumkin sometimes forgot

## The Big Four!

BARNEY POWELL  
I. T. NELSON  
BOB CAVINESS  
"BUSTER" PERRY

**FAMILY  
BARBER SHOP**







chest heaving, his black eyebrows knitted.

"He won't botherin' me," she looked up from the pillow and wailed. "You get on out of here!"

Laughing with sadistic enjoyment, and sure that Maude would soon forgive and forget, the big man walked to the door and was gone. As he passed beneath the window, Maude heard him roaring with laughter like a winter gale. She listened until his mockery rang in her ears and flooded her brain.

A pale, listless sky had given birth to dawn when Monk awoke. He blinked at the cracked plastering above him. Instantly, Maude's square face came between him and the ceiling. Monk thought his arms had gone to sleep. Then he remembered what had happened—he had no idea how long ago it had been. Maude watched until he tried to speak.

"Don't say nothin' now—let me do th' talkin'. Cliff broke a couple of yore ribs. Seven, I think th' Doc said. Yore fingers are ruind too. You won't never be able t'play th' piano no no more. Th' Doc just left, an' he says you'll be okay. You can't feel no pain now—he's got you all doped up." She broke down and cried.

For the first time in his life, his alligator eyelids flew wide open. Stark horror raged in his face, flushing his forehead livid.

"My fingers! Oh no! Not them!" He frowned with realization. "Not my fingers ruind?" Holding up his bandaged hands, he stared at them, then at Maude. "You sure, Maude, you sure? I'll kill 'im! I'll kill 'im if it's th' last thing I do!"

Monk was delirious with doubletalk until the same pale, listless sky was invaded by thunderclouds, leaving darkness

and night to the discretion of the lurking thunderstorm.

Two months later, Monk's fingers had healed, but his hands were like the eagle's talons, mere stationary claws that had lost all usefulness. His jaw had grown back crooked, giving his oblong head an unbalanced appearance. He cursed the doctor for doing a poor job of setting his jaw.

But his face was of secondary importance; his hands were the force that petrified him when he gazed at them. They were grotesque twistings, like roots. Every day was an eternity of anxiety until he could regain his strength and find Cliff and kill him. Cliff had maimed his face—ruined his precious fingers, and his hatred was the unharnessed fury of white-crested waves.

He returned to the Riverboat, planning to wait there for Cliff. Doc Mumkin was busily stacking tables when he arrived. Entering through the swinging doors, he noticed that the words "Closed from now on" had been whitewashed upon the mirror, superseding his own name as the main attraction. Doc Mumkin became enraged, sputtering at Monk.

"Monk! You young fool! Runnin' out on me again. When you gonna learn t' settle down an' leave women alone?"

He held up his hands with arms outstretched for Doc Mumkin to see them. The old man shrank away from them in horror, then moved closer and inspected them. He looked up furtively, squinting his eyes. Monk choked back the tears.

"How'd it happen, son?" he asked softly, almost reverently.

"You know a feller named Cliff? Big guy—scar on his cheek."

"Sure," he said, rubbing his bristled chin with gnarled hand. "Ever'body knows Cliff Rankin. Why, he was in here just th' other day. Said somethin' about going—"

## QUESTIONS

- A** A sign of omission is found with ease,  
Phonetically speaking, it's found between these.
- B** It's twice shown here, and if you stop to think  
About the difference, you'll find the missing link.
- C** 1, 2, 3, 6, 7 about this time of year  
Is spread and wished by people far and near.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE  
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- A MR. SOFT TOUCH.** When hard times hit, Mr. Soft Touch can be counted on to fix you up quickly.
- B ROBOT.** Read TABOR (from Tabor City) inverted, with one minor switch (changing A to O) and you get Robot, a device controlled by a switch.
- C CHESTERFIELD.** Trunk (chest); a pause (er); meadowland (field).
- WINNERS...

"Said what?"

"I'll be doggoned. Mus' be gettin' old. Memorie's slipping. Can't recollect what Cliff was sayin'."

"Well, I'm gonna find 'im an' when I find 'im, I'm gonna slit his throat open from ear t' ear!" Monk gritted.

"You better be careful, boy. He's a mean'un if I ever saw one, an' I've been up an' down this river long 'nuff t' know a killer when I see one."

"Where you an' 'Riverboat' headin' now, Doc?" Monk inquired, rubbing the glistenings from his eyes.

"I'm fixin' t'leave here t'morrow night. You better leave Cliff Rankin alone an' go north with me. We'll even go down th' coast t' New Orleans like you wanted t'do last summer. I'll give you a good job workin' th' bar. Th' rainy season's comin'; be lucky if I make t'fore I leave here. Ol' Bessy ain't able t'stand th' river when



't rises. Liabile t' split her gullet wide open, that undertow is."

"Yeah, I know," Monk meditated, "looks like I got caught in an undertow already. I appreciate th' offer, Doc, but I ain't gonna go nowhere 'til 'im. Besides, I'm married, Doc."

"YOU'RE WHAT?"

"I'm married. I married Maude, th' dame that got me in this mess. While I was in bed, I got to thinkin', decided that was th' thing to do. I ain't never been no better than what she is. We both made a mess of things. Thought maybe we could

patch things up if we got married, sort of start over again."

"It's plumb crazy of yuh, Monk. It ain't like you t'do nothin' like that. What's got into you anyways?"

"Jus' like I said, Doc. She's been keepin' me up at her place, takin' care of m'hands. I sorta took a likin' to'er, so we got married. Maude's been beggin' me t' leave Cliff alone. Says he won't bother us after he finds out we're married. I can't do 't. He ruint m' hands—just look at 'um, Doc." There was a tremor in his voice.

"Well, son, if you're set on doin' killin', I'm too old t'stop you, an' if I can't stop you, I might as well help you. You might find 'im workin' a shrimp boat down at th'mouth of th' river. That's where he told me he was goin' th' other night."

Monk thanked Doc Mumkin and shook hands with him. Then he rented a fishing boat and paddled about two miles down the

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Short Stories must be from 1,000 to 3,000 words in length  
and submitted to THE STUDENT on or before January 9,  
1950. All entries not used may be picked up after judging.





muddy river to its mouth. The sky was overcast, and Monk knew by the sticky warmth that it would begin to rain before dark. He wished for a sunset instead of a day ending in a drizzle. Looking toward the east, he saw small piers jutting out along the distant, foggy shoreline. People were fishing, and he thought they must be after catfish. He knew that would be all they'd catch until after the rainy season when the mud-silt was cleansed from the turbulent waters.

**QUALITY!  
QUANTITY!**



**On  
The  
Corner**



**COPELAND'S  
INC.**

As he tied his boat to the dock, a gossamer mist began to descend. There was a bright haze in the sky where the sun was struggling to break through. Monk walked into the nearest cabaret, and swatting the lucid coating of water off his clothes, he began inquiring about Cliff Rankin.

"Yeah, I seen him," a fisherman said; "he'ze down yonner on th' east pier tying his sloop up fer th' night."

Monk meditated at the bar a moment, sipping a dram of rye.

"Where's th' east pier?" he asked the fisherman, gazing at the tattoo on his arm. The words "death before dishonor" stuck in his mind, a challenge to him.

"Foller this road straight down to th' ocean," the fisherman said, pointing to the door of the cabaret, and swinging his arm from right to left.

Monk left the dive in a sprint. Slowing down to a fast gait as he reached the pier, he saw Cliff standing about fifty yards away, just as the fisherman had told him he would be. He worked both hands to limber them, realizing that he was clumsy. Then he rubbed each hand with the other, the excitement making his breath come thick and fast, a turgidity within his chest. Reaching his stiff fingers into his pocket, he withdrew a push-button knife, clicking it open. Stopping a safe distance away from Cliff and the sloop, he called to his foe: "Cliff! Cliff Rankin!"

"Yeah," Cliff answered, dropping a bundle of rope that he was coiling and turning around to face Monk.

"You know who I am, Cliff? I want you to know."

Cliff looked through the dull-bright haze. "Yeah, I know."

"I'm givin' you a chance," he said as he came closer, the glinting knife poised in his hand.

Cliff threw back his head. His hair was matted. "Haw-haw! You givin' me a chance—

that's a good'un! I'm gonna give you a chance t' git th' hell outer here."

"I'm gonna cut you t'pieces, Cliff," Monk shrieked, becoming so angry that tears blurred his vision. "You oughter see my hands—they're ruind. You did it! I'm gonna kill you, Cliff, do you understand, kill you!"

Monk charged, his half-closed eyes glittering with cold hate like a snake's. In his haste, he slid on the wet pier, falling on his face. The knife flew from his hands! He uttered a cry of alarm and dismay, crawling on his hands and knees after it. It scurried like a wharf rat, dropping into the swirling river twenty feet below.

Monk flinched and the breath left his body as he felt the force of Cliff's heavy shoe dull his right shoulder. There was a shrill singing in his ears. It infuriated him. He realized that he must stay clear of the edge of the pier. Cliff was pushing him as one would roll a log. Monk saw the planks of the wharf slip by too fast to count them. It was too late! He felt himself falling.

Clinging on to a plank, he cried out for Cliff to save him. His fingers were weak. The strength ebbed from them. He imagined that Maude was standing on the pier. He pleaded with her to save him. The apparition vanished.

He screamed in his agony for God to lift him back on the pier—he wanted to tear Cliff apart with his gnarled hands.

In the spangles of rich yellow





streaming through the slate-grey clouds that were beginning to form, Cliff stood on the pier coiling up the rope just as if nothing had happened. Monk's wish for a sunset had been granted.

# DEADEYE DILLON

(Continued from page fourteen)  
not one to get mad at such trivial happenings.

Several months later I gave him his gun back and invited him to go hunting with me over the Thanksgiving holidays at my grandfather's farm. He accepted—damn it. There were about five of us in the party and everyone was using a shotgun except us. Dad had said that we were too young to use shotguns and had to use rifles. My dad is smart. Being young has its advantages.

We had been gone only a few minutes when Johnny stopped for a chance to reload his rifle after missing a rabbit. He never could hit a thing. The bolt of his rifle jammed when he inserted a bullet, so Johnny, being

the impulsive little devil that he is, helped out a bit by slamming the bolt. And what happened? The bolt closed. The gun went off. It hit me. Yep, I'm a good receiver. This time my left shoulder stopped the slug. I fell to the ground and uttered, *Ego expecto mortem* (which in Latin means "I am dying"). But Johnny was feeling worse than I was—he had a rock in his shoe.

I can take a joke, but this was going just a little too far. If he wanted my job as Head drum major of the band, why didn't he ask for it? He could have that ole blonde, too. All the

time I was in bed he came to see me and tried to cheer me up. How cheered up can you get with someone sneering, "The third time's a charm, the third time's a charm."

Well, I let it go as an accident, but to this day I've never forgiven him for ruining a brand new undershirt.

So now you know the story of our hunting accidents (?). But that isn't all that makes this guy a character. Johnny Dillon can talk his way into or out of any situation that ever existed. His philosophy is, "The bigger the lie the quicker they believe it." Compared with Dillon, Plato was a fraud, not Freud. Johnny isn't one to let you get away with pulling anything over on him, either. He says exactly what he thinks regardless of the consequences—if you don't believe me find out for yourself. He has put many a wise guy in his place by making some sarcastic remark. He could be called the "Perfect Squelch Kid."

For a real treat try watching



Johnny at a sporting event of some kind. If you think he doesn't take those things to heart you've got another thought coming. This guy is the most emotional character on the campus. If his team gets what he thinks is a bad break or a raw deal, well, someone is in for an awfully bad time.

WHEN JOHNNY RETURNED from the service and found out that the boys had stopped doing such tricks as breaking out street lights, dropping boulders from the viaduct through houses, and shattering plate-glass windows, he decided to come to college. His first day he talked his way into the job as sports editor of the *Howler*, when he had never written a sports article in his life. He learned quickly, and the *Howler's* sports section was more than creditable. That started him on his career. He'll be a good sports scribe, too, because the boy has a knack for



always saying the right thing at the right time.

THE KID WITH THE DIMPLES is just about through college now after compiling a list of extra-curricular activities as long as the infirmiry excused—cuts roll, so the story can be closed. Besides, I'm supposed to meet him in ten minutes—we are going hunting.

AUTHOR'S POSTSCRIPT—I gratefully acknowledge the persons who made this article possible. Without their help my task would never have been finished. My deepest appreciation goes to Johnny Dillon for providing through experience the actual facts of this story; to Jack Glenn and Dr. Hubert Poteat for the Latin phrase, *Ego Expecto mortem*; to Bill Underwood for the use of his typewriter in exchange for three shirts, a cashmere sweater, and a round-trip ticket to Chapel

Hill; to Everett Snyder for the unselfish manner in which he furnished the typing paper; and to the Chesterfield Co. for making such an excellent brand of cigarettes to keep me company through the long night.

#### PRIVATE EYES

(Continued from page seventeen)  
that a defensive half back, coming out of the ball game, cuts his eyes at a blonde cheerleader.

The fans who fork over their currency for a slat on the sidelines seldom, if ever, consider the important part that the scout plays in the ultimate success, or failure, of their ball club. They never realize, even if they are fairly conscientious students of the game, that the reason the defensive unit is overshifted is that some scout noted that on third down, inside their own thirty, the visiting club would invariably run an off-tackle play over the strong side. They give forth with all degrees of vocal support when a pass play nets their team thirty yards and a first down. Never taken under consideration is the fact that the play succeeded because their scout, for the past two weeks, has been noticing that the defensive left half is a weak sister on a hook pass to his inside.

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SCOUTING IS AN IMPORTANT business. The successful scout must, to begin with, have a complete understanding of the game. He must be familiar with not only his own particular system, but the system of any team that he is assigned to cover. He must take into consideration whether or not the club he is watching is shooting the works or are playing under wraps to keep him in the dark. Above all, he must be on his toes every minute he is in the stands, checking and rechecking individual play, formulating a general picture of a team's offense, and evaluating their defense. After he gets back home he faces the real task of organizing his material into a comprehensive, penetrating study of a football team in action.

Wake Forest, like any other school in the nation, works on the theory that you have to "scout 'em to play 'em" on even terms. The guy who does the work, and lets the theory take care of itself, is, in this particular instance, no more romantic a figure than a redheaded backfield coach named Bobby Kellogg. Our build-up of the typical scout could have left you with the impression that we might come forth with a cross between the Wizzard of Oz and Dunninger. However, Kellogg, who scouts 'em for the Deacons, reluctantly admits that he isn't quite a wizard and also confesses that his charming wife, Jane, is much better at mind reading than he is. Contrary to his own denial, we think that he's one of the best!

Five days a week, during the afternoons, Bobby is down on the field working with the backs. As far as the average fan is concerned, that's the extent of his duties. But come Friday night, or Saturday morning, and he's off to play the unknown role of a football scout. As for Bob, the lack of publicity doesn't hurt him a bit; he just wishes that folks forgot

about him altogether, especially people like Carl Snavelly and Wallace Wade. Sunday, and he's back again with enough figures in his notebook to keep a set of auditors awake until after midnight six days a week. Then, in between time, he goes back down for five afternoons of coaching the backs.

Bob was quick to tell us that scouts, like coaches, like to play their trade in various and sundry fashions. So, says he, no two scouts will ever work alike. However, the professional scouts who make a living doing nothing but spotting ball clubs, and the high school coach who takes his boys over to see next week's team play on Friday night work pretty much on the same principle. The work at each game follows about the same pattern from week to week, so we take a particular team out of the files, use it for reference, and scout the typical scout on a typical scouting assignment. In this instance it is Carolina, but bear in mind that there are nine other clubs that are, and must be, scrutinized with the same diligence. Bobby and Tom Rogers watch ten clubs every year. Like all smart scouts, they would give Flat Rock Teachers the same vigilance as S.M.U. or, in this case, the Tar Heels. No team is sold short if it plays on the Deacon's card!

GENERALLY, on a ten-game schedule, you run up against about seven teams that you meet every year. The coaching turnover is small, and therefore, you have a pretty fair idea, even before the season begins, of the general type of offense that each coach will employ. You also can conclude their defensive systems, their playing personnel and the type of ball they specialize in. For instance, William and Mary is a single-wing outfit, and they like a rock-'em, sock-'em brand of football. That's to be expected. It's characteristic of the single-wing attack. On the other hand, S.M.U. runs from the single wing, but doesn't go in for over-the-middle football. They, like Michigan, go in for a lot of backfield deception and a clever-passing game.

On the other side of the picture you might consider a team like Boston College. Wake Forest meets the Eagles every year, and recently they switched over to the "T" formation. The "T" is an offensive set-up that works on quick-opening plays, brush blocks and is generally geared to speed and deception. But B.C. likes to play a rough, grind-it-out ball game. South Carolina, another "T" aggregation, plays it according to Hoyle. With a fast backfield operating behind a none-too-strong line, the emphasis is on pulling the





defense out of position rather than trying to run over it.

The above information is important, but the number one item that the scouts has at his disposal, if his club has played the team to be scouted the year before, is the motion picture of the last game between the two clubs. Here is a graphic record of Carolina. By the use of slow motion, every blocking assignment is carried out with the deliberation of movement on a chessboard. The path of the ball-carrier can be charted at any stage of the play, and, if need be, the film can be stopped to give a general picture of the whole situation.

Normally, about a week before Bob watches Carolina for the first time, he goes to see the same movie, with an all male cast, between twelve and fourteen times. First, he takes the film and charts every play that the Tar Heels ran the year before. Then he goes back and lists the

plays according to the type of offensive formation that they were running from. After this has been done, the plays are again categorized with regard to the type of defense that the Deacons were in. A thorough job, but not enough.

To scout a ball club is to become familiar, in a professional sense, with every man on the field. Any familiarity that can be gained before the game makes the job that much easier. Here the film is run back through to check individuals on each particular play. Here you note whether or not an end crashes, whether he floats or likes to hand fight the play. You take a look at the defensive left tackle. Does he knife through, or does he drop down and pile up the play? In other words, do you have to trap him or can you run the play to his outside? On offense, who makes the block on the strong side backer-up? How does he block? High or low? Does he pull out fast, or can you pile him up before he gets over the line of scrimmage? And so on and so on.

Answers to any of these questions, and there are hundreds of them, make it easier to draw any final conclusion on Saturday. Kellogg now has an idea of what to look for in the way of offensive formation and direction. Pass-patterns are easier to follow, and a general comparison can be made between the Carolina team of 1948 and the team in 1949. This year, just to make the scouts look a little harder, Snavelly added a new set of flanker plays that Carolina had never run previously. Of course they were charted during the spring practice game, but here again evaluations had to be made as to their effectiveness against outside opposition. All in all, Kellogg keeps Snavelly's boys on his mind about as much as he does his own for two weeks prior to the game.

There is a Southern Conference rule that allows scouts to

be present in the press boxes of their opponents two weeks in advance of their schedule meeting, so, on Saturday morning Bob drops by Coach Weaver's office, picks up the ticket that Jake Wade has sent over from Carolina, and motors over to Chapel Hill. Catching a quick bite down town, he gets out to Kenan Stadium in time to have everything set up and hour before the kickoff.

WHILE THE FANS are filing their way into the stadium, and the boys of the sports page fraternity are swapping yarns that only sportswriters would listen to anyway, Bob pays as much attention to the pre-game drills as you do to the cute blond three rows back and two seats over. While the teams are warming up, Bob gets the names and numbers of all the key performers and enters them in the previously prepared diagrams, so that there will be no confusion once actual play gets under way.

Having prepared his chart, Bob turns his attention to individual performances. How far do punts go when Justice kicks 'em? How far for Bunting, or Hesmer? What height do they rise to, and how many steps do the kickers take before they get the boots away? The passers come in for their share of consideration. How accurate is Justice on his tosses? How sharp is Hesmer? How many times does Hayes hit? Who kicks off and how far? Who holds on the extra point? And again, we see that Bobby has to answer a sixty-four dollar question every time he takes a puff on his cigarette.

If Carolina kicks off, Kellogg notes the men to the right and left of the kicker. If they receive, he sums up the formation as to the spread distance, the playing personnel, and whether or not there is a cross over between the deep backs on the return. Another important thing

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is the path cleared for the ball carrier. Is it a straight shot up the middle, or do the blocking assignments indicate that the alley should run up the sidelines?

In addition to checking the running formations that a team employs—a must for every scout is the charting of pass plays. Here the routes of the potential receivers are all important, for if your club isn't familiar with those pass patterns, it's like running after mice in a dark cellar. There are four types of passes in regard to personnel: the one-man pass, or spot pass; the two; the three; and even the four man pass play. We might add that Kellogg gives the basic toss as the two ends deep and crossing, but here again the system gets complex, and you find yourself charting pass routes like an electric circuit.

Chances are that the two ends will be the deep men on any pass play involving more than one receiver, but not always. Ends can go out in the flat, button hook, or hook and go just as the fourth receiver, who is generally held up a count and then shot out into position to take a short pass with the defense deep. With men running all over your secondary, it's a good idea to know how fast Powell runs, or which way Weaver cuts behind the halfback. It's a good idea, because once these boys get in behind you, it usually means six points for the Tar Heels.

The defense comes in for its share of attention. Bob knows that most clubs up against a "T" team will shift their defense, but he reasoned a good while before the game itself that the Tar Heels would employ a five-man line with three backer-ups plugging against the Deacs. While watching the game you note the defense of the team that is playing the club you are scouting. If it works for them, it might work for you, so you take it down for reference. Especially interesting to Bobby was the Carolina-Georgia game. Here Georgia ran the "T" in much the same fashion as the Deacs. After the smoke of battle had cleared, he had a pretty fair idea of how Snavely likes to play against a "T" outfit.

All through the game the scout is busy with the brand of ball that Carolina plays, but he musn't forget individuals. What kind of backer-up is Irv Holdash? And, with such an inquiry, the questions start all over again. By the end of the game our boy Bob has seen enough, and has written enough about the Carolina team to coach them himself the following week. He picks up his cryptic markings, seeks out another scout or two to swap comparisons on the game, and then heads for home. Wondering all the time what the Deacs did while he was watching Carolina, he begins to piece together what he saw.

**A**BOUT SUNDAY AFTERNOON, he'll take all the information that he can get on the Carolina club—clippings, radio reports and the like plus his own observations—and sum up the general situation. The outstanding points go into a six-page, mimeographed scout report that is passed out to the team on Monday night. All these notations plus a few more, are passed along to Peahead Walker in the way of a verbal report on Monday morning.

To finish out the week, Bobby

shows the quarterbacks the movies of their last week's game. Here he makes comments that would apply if they were up against Carolina. Wednesday night the entire squad sees the film, and on Friday night the odds and ends of the coming game are cleared up. Some time in between Kellogg gets the quarterbacks in for a conference, and all during the week, they drill on Carolina plays until they can see them in their sleep.

The team itself, down on the field, takes the plays that Bob has charted and runs them against the Deacons' defense. The Deacs, on the other hand, try their own slants against the kind of opposition that they expect Snavely to throw against their offensive game. Every week, with the exception of a few fundamentals, a football team does little more than familiarize itself with the knowl-

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edge that the scout has brought back.

**A**FTER ALL THIS, and Friday afternoon rolls around again, Bob is ready to go to the ball game. But, not to see Wake Forest play Carolina. Chances are that he's off for Clemson, or maybe State is playing up at Maryland. At any rate, he can only hope that he has done his job well. Catching the train into Washington, he has his mind more on what State College will run than what the score will be in the Wake Forest-Carolina game. Quite unlike the average fan, this football expert keeps looking toward to a game that he will never see played. A pretty sad lot, except for the fact that he sees all the rest for free, and at the end of the season could tell you more about the Carolina game than any ten people who were sitting on the fifty-yard line. No matter what befalls the Deacs, they are better off than Custer.

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## SWAN SONG

*This searing flame ne'er was ignited;  
This bumper crop so soon was blighted;  
This shining sword ne'er left its sheath;  
This wanting brow ne'er wore a wreath.*

*We stand alone, myself and I,  
Alone beneath a lonely sky,  
Alone while all the world is still,  
For death lies waiting o'er the hill.*

ZEB MORGAN.

## EVEN IN DEATH

*(Continued from page twenty-one)*

Some with a flattering word,  
The coward does it with a kiss,  
The brave man with a sword."

"SOME kill their love when  
they are young.

And some when they are old;  
Some struggle with the hands  
of lust,

Some with hands of Gold:  
The kindest use a knife, because  
The dead so soon grow cold."

\* \* \* \* \*

**I**T WAS A LOVELY FUNERAL, as funerals go. The flowers with their plain sympathetic faces lent a striking background for the old and wrinkled women pawing over the remains of the tragic occurrence and dabbing their aged red eyes with flimsy handkerchiefs.

"Mary was such a high strung individual . . . always taking those sleeping pills. I know it would come to no good . . . and poor John . . . a devoted pair. Don't forget the bridge game, darling."

John Winston sat that night and watched the rain and wondered if his wife was cold. It was an odd thought, and he smiled at his sentimentality. He never had deep feeling for people, and his wife had been no exception. He loved his profes-

sion. THIS was his wife. That she had loved him there had been no doubt, but it hurt to love a man of his type. And because of this she was dead. Being successful and providing for her he had thought was enough. John Winston didn't laugh or cry. He seemed to have no emotion. He seemed to run by gears. He didn't understand that anyone could laugh with another, but only friends could cry together. It was too late now. He remembered her waiting for him with the coffee. He

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remembered the times when he didn't call or even come home. He thought of the young girl that had walked beside him the day that they were married. He could almost hear her voice. . . . "I'll never leave you, John, not even in death." He knew that she had loved him and now she had left him alone. He wished that she were sitting there beside him. "I'd talk to her now. . . ."

He wanted someone to talk to and there was no one. Then he did the thing that she had often wished that he would do. He cried, but there was no one to comfort him and he wished that she were there to hold his hand . . . and that he could show her that he had cared. "Why did she do this? Why did she leave me alone? . . . She said she never would."

He walked over to the cellaret, poured himself a drink, walked into their room . . . and sat on the bed looking at her picture. It was hard to realize that one who had been so warm and gay was dead.

HE REALIZED for the first time that he had loved his wife. He no longer shed tears of self pity but tears for a lost love and chance. Looking about the room he remembered the little things she had done. He could see her laughing, trying to make up for his constant detachment. Now he could see the unnoticed love in her eyes when she had said many years ago, "I'll never leave you, not even in death."

Her presence prevailed over everything. He felt close to her now. John Winston buried his face in his hands, and listened to the falling rain. He could feel her hand on his shoulder. He would talk to her now. . . .

#### THE WAYFARING STRANGER

(Continued from page nineteen)

man myself, I asked Burl what he thought of it. He didn't disillusion me though. He rubbed his red goatee and answered very quickly, "Never heard of it!"

I knew he had many quaint

mannerisms, and that one of these is the way he takes his exercise. I asked him about it.

"I just lie down on the floor and relax. Then I get up." Then he threw back his head and gave one of these laughs that have made him more popular.

He asked me where I went to college, and confided that he had been kicked out of several. I see from the facts that he never was, but it did make me feel more at ease. I imagine this was his purpose.

THE BEST WAY I can describe

Burl is to say that he is a regular fellow. Possibly I could use more flowery or larger words, but a "regular fellow" is a compliment I imagine he would bestow. Burl Ickle Ivanhoe Ives is a man living in the city with country ideas. He told me he wanted to go back to the west after awhile and settle down. Until then he can rest assured that all of us will be . . . just listening.

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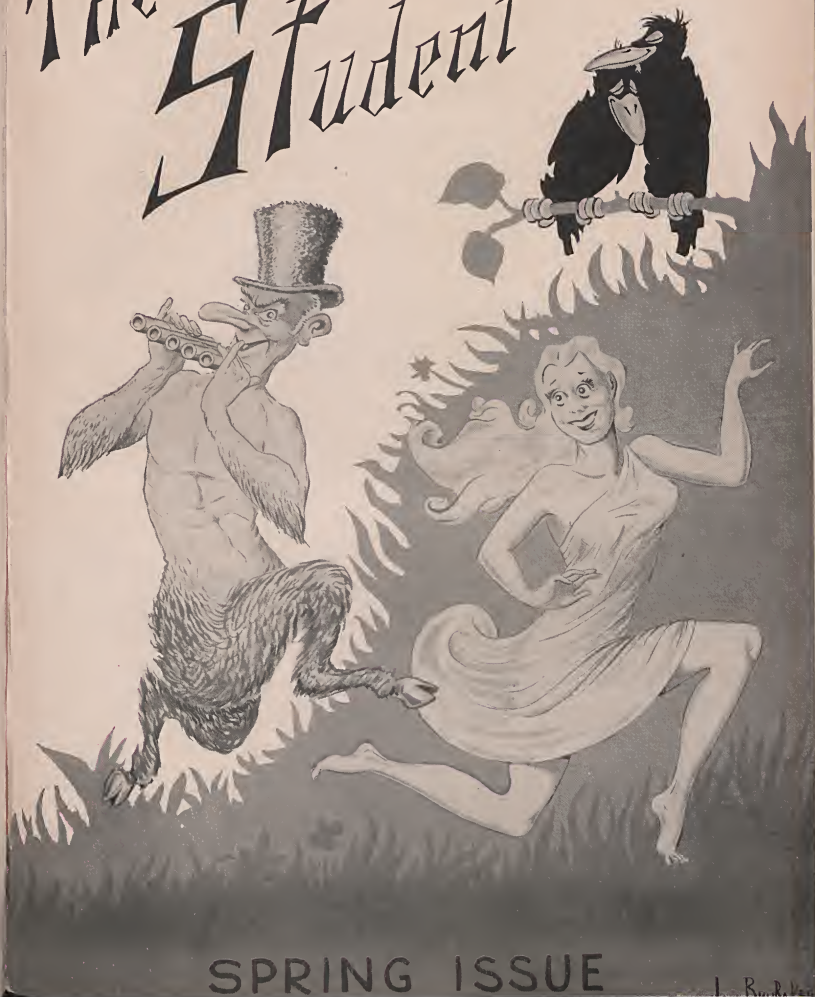
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See Contest on Page Thirty

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# The Student



SPRING ISSUE

J. R. R. V.

*"My cigarette? Camels, of course!"*



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# On the

# Spot

DICK KELLY, PHOTOGRAPHY associate of the STUDENT, is no longer with us. At present he is passing away the time until he enters medical school at Duke in September by working in Charlotte. Dick's big, blond figure crouching behind a Graflex is a sight that many remember.

His love for cameras he picked up during the war years, when as a medic, he was shuttling back and forth between Europe and the United States, and was exposed to a few of the German

and back to the Carolinas. Publications activities were not his only interest while he was at Wake Forest. He was a member of the Monogram Club, having played two years of varsity football, besides being a pre-med student with quality points to spare. As photography associate of the STUDENT, Dick was a human dynamo. For a sample of his work, take a look at the pictures illustrating the article on the infirmary.



Dick Kelly

cameras American soldiers had picked up overseas.

Dick, the son of a Baptist minister, was born in Louisville, Ky., and has moved from the Bluegrass to the Florida Keys,

IT'S ONE THING to work the gadgets on a complicated camera and to take a picture of whatever happens to be in front of the lens, but it is quite another to recognize the human possibilities in a scene and to know how to make the most of them.

Tom Walters, whose work appears throughout this issue, is one of those fortunate few who combine a good measure of creative instinct with a high degree of technical skill with a camera, and who consequently come forth with photographs that are very often works of art in the true sense of the word.

Tom, a junior at Wake Forest, has done a great deal of photographic work for all of the cam-

pus publications, in addition to making many personal photographs for individuals. Some of his most notable photographs were those made for the Wake



Tom Walters

Forest Little Theater, including some eighteen by twenty-four-inch portraits of the principals in the Magnolia Week production of *Hamlet* by that organization.

Walters, like Kelly, is the son of a Baptist minister and is a pre-medical student. A great deal of his publications work has been sandwiched in between quizzes in organic chemistry and physics, but he is always ready to undertake any job in which he has an opportunity to make use of his camera.

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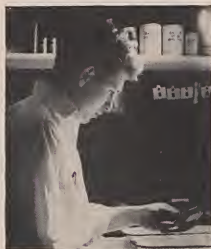
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THE STUDENT's temperamental photographer, Irving Grigg, is a rising sophomore from Winston-Salem. He has been interested in photography



Irving Grigg

for a long time, and has developed himself into an excellent photographic technician.

Grigg has all the equipment necessary to turn out good pictures—darkroom, enlarger, and such—and he has done a great deal of work for the STUDENT, illustrating articles which will not appear because this issue of the magazine is the last which will appear this year.

Irving has already had a great deal of experience at free-lance



Johnny Nettles

photography. He has sold pictures to the Winston-Salem papers, and when he was in high school he earned his spending money with his camera. As a

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matter of fact, his darkroom equipment was brought with the proceeds of his free-lancing.



Bobby Butts

**J**OHNNY NETTLES, the Be-Bop Kid from Salisbury, has been clicking a shutter ever since he was in the Boy Scouts. Johnny, in fact, was bitten so painfully by the photography bug that he is planning to make a career of taking pictures. After he completes his sophomore year next spring he intends to transfer to the University of Missouri, where he will study photographic journalism. Of course it all depends on whether or



Ray Wyche

not he can pass French at Wake Forest.

Johnny's not the man to confine himself to any one field of  
(Continued on page forty-seven)



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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

Where is the STUDENT? I and 1,800 others would like to know when you plan to delight this campus with another issue of your rag. Its been an awfully long time between copies. I've seen the *Old Gold and Black* every week, and I expect the *Howler* will make it out some time next year. But for nearly five months now the STUDENT has failed to show. Nothing has issued from your muraled office but sounds of revelry. What you find to celebrate is beyond this poor brain of mine. Have the writers quit writing and the painters quit painting? Or have the editors quit editing?

You had better do something and do it pretty quick. The students are getting pretty tired and fed up with the whole situation. All of the beautiful coeds on this campus have seen their chance of being pin-ups disappearing with the disappearance of your two-bit publication. They are becoming frustrated and you know what that means. You curs.

I sure have missed all those good cartoons in your magazine. The only jokes I get to see any more are those in the *Tarnation* and the *Biblical Recorder*. Did you see that joke in the *Tarnation*, or was it the *Biblical Recorder*, about the traveling sales-

man and the farmer's daughter? Boy was it a scream!

Certainly have missed your short stories too. I read one once.

There is an ugly rumor going around that the editor ran off with the funds and his coed lover, but I know this isn't so because that lousy sheet of yours ain't got no money, and the editor ain't got no lover.

In a poll of 500 students, I found that:

Sixty-eight were glad that there had been no more issues (these were coeds who had not been invited to pose as pin-ups, and if you ask me, from the looks of their mugs, they won't be).

Two hundred sixty-five were in favor of lynching the editor.

One hundred sixty-two had never heard of the mag.

One had no opinion (a freshman).

I guess you see where you stand Mr. Editor. Like a friend I advise you to get a move on either towards the printer or the city limits. Things are hot around here and getting hotter for lazy shiftless skunks like you. We're supposed to get six issues of that mag of yours each year, and so far we ain't seen but two. You better publish a weekly during May. Understand???

Love,

One of your few readers.



Dear Editor:

I have read and enjoyed both of your previous issues of the STUDENT, and am very much looking forward to seeing at least one more copy of this fine magazine before the semester terminates.

In the first two issues I was very much impressed with the quality of your short stories, the high caliber of the cartoons, the humor in the humor stories, and above all the young women presented in your pin-up picture.

I do believe though, that it might prove interesting if you were to change the style of your picture and instead of a half dressed co-ed, let us have a look at the body of one of our well developed male students. There are of course, many fine specimens that you could offer to us, but in my opinion, a picture of Bill Bethune lifting weights would top all others. Those of us who have been fortunate enough to see Bill in the process of pressing a few hundred pounds, believe that a picture of him doing same would gladden the hearts of every student at this fine institution.

The above is just by way of a suggestion, and not necessarily an action that you are required to take. I know I speak for the rest of the girls here in Bostwick, and possibly for our older sisters in Johnson, and I certainly hope that you will find it possible to honor this request.

Good luck with future publications, and keep up the good work.

A Freshman Co-Ed.

Ed. Note: Still no pin-up. No Bethune either.



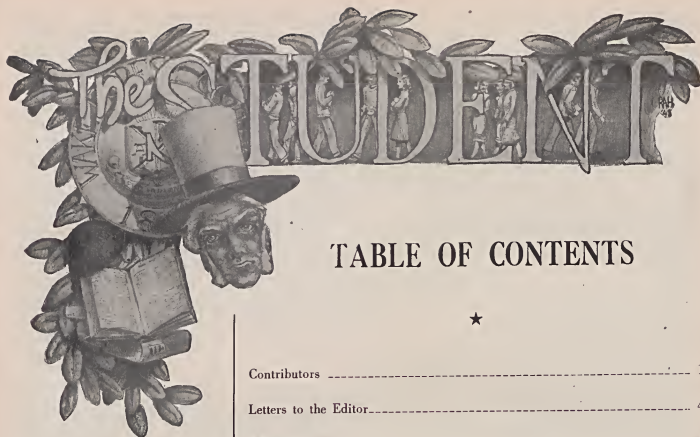
Dear Editor:

I was simmering, simmering, simmering; Ogden Nash brought me to a boil. I am submitting to you for publication one of my most deathless pieces. I have found the law of my poetry. It is the unspoken but more-and-more decided feeling that comes to me as I pass, hour after hour, amid grim yet joyous abandon—a plentitude of material, entire absence of art, untrammeled play of primitive Nature. I have entitled my poem "Out of the Boxcar Endlessly Rolling." Here it is:

There is nothing so silly  
As a withered daffodilly.

Respectfully submitted,  
A Good Gray Poet.





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## Let's Move

With characteristic wit and inaccuracy *Time* magazine once remarked that Wake Forest College was "going to walk 101 miles for some Camel cigarette money."

After what is euphemistically called "The Hayes Speech" and a personal research trip to Winston-Salem, it seems that a good deal more is involved than "some Camel cigarette money." And this editorial is being written to re-present a number of facts to a number of people who, in theo-political battles, evidently have forgotten some of the goals of Wake Forest. Now, we are not concerned right here with the proposed architecture for the new campus. We've taken

a clear stand on that before, and we expect to do it again. There are some other things to be examined. There are at least a growing school, a growing town, and a growing number of Baptists to be considered.

Wake Forest is expected to provide for an undergraduate student body of five thousand in addition to the Med and Law schools. This easily requires at least the doubling of our present day facilities. We think it should also require the cultural advantages that can be obtained in a city of some size. After all, we are not educating people to live in college but to live in a great world, and the more thorough their acquaintance with it

the better. A college cannot support all such cultural activities by itself, it needs moral and financial encouragement from an industrially or agriculturally supported population.

But the relationship between a town and a school is symbiotic: they help each other. We made a trip to Winston at Student expense, and were struck by the fact that the town is sorely in need of a school like Wake Forest to provide a ready source of technical information and a constant incentive and opportunity for cultural development of its growing population. Winston-Salem is one of the most civic minded towns in the East. It is aware that a school like Wake Forest would be greatly beneficial to its continued health and prosperity. We believe that if Wake Forest does not move to Winston, Winston will establish its own school.

Downtown Winston-Salem





Reynolda Estate

This would really hurt Wake Forest. The North Carolina population center and the Baptist center are the Piedmont area. By moving to Winston, Wake Forest would be moving directly to the part of the state it was designed to serve. Even now the largest portion of students comes from the Piedmont area.

But Winston-Salem offers more than an opportunity to serve directly a population of more than a quarter of a million. The chance to build a whole new campus is an extremely rare and highly prized opportunity. With an entirely new campus all phases of college life can be provided for, and need not be adapted to an inadequate plant. Every department can put in a request for ideal working conditions, and can also be prepared to serve the immediate area. In addition it offers clinical facilities for the hospital, active support for technical research, a financially able audience for the

college organizations and activities, opportunities for lab work in virtually every course, a large number of day students, opportunities for employment for others.

Now Judge Hayes made a speech and he was being patriotic: The Honor of Wake Forest; Dr. Nixon made a couple of speeches and he was being moral: The Safety of the Baptists. And the total of both speeches makes us wonder just how much sectionalism is involved, and why there should be. It should be obvious to everyone that the Baptist denomination in North Carolina, Wake Forest, and Winston-Salem will all benefit from a move, and who cares about who's getting the best deal. Let's quit piddling, get some money and get busy.

Which brings us to the plans for the school as they stand now. Remember we're skipping architecture, let's just go on to money:


We've got to have sixteen mil-

lion eight hundred thousand dollars to build a workable campus. A complete campus as it is now conceived will cost about twenty-seven million. But all we need to get started is a total of sixteen million eight hundred thousand. Enough money has already been pledged so that if the value of the present campus is included we need only two million three hundred thousand dollars.

The recent sale of the present facilities has definitely climaxed the question of whether or not we will move, but the time element is still important. By the terms of the contract we must have the money by July 1952. It will take wholehearted cooperation from everyone to accomplish that. Furthermore an earlier move would be advantageous. The sooner Wake Forest and Winston-Salem get together and start working together the sooner they will make a team that will help North Carolina.



# The College



A LONG TIME AGO WHEN Wake was still a forest and the ground had just been cleared to build a small Baptist institution to be called Wake Forest, there was hardly a soul interested in the welfare of the prospective student's health. After all, weren't they building something they had all dreamed of, an institution for men operated by the North Carolina Baptist Convention. Soon the first session of the school opened and the students came plodding in, all 73 of them. Some were driving new buggies their fathers had provided, some rode ponies, some just straddled an old mule borrowed for the occasion. One boy even had a real Arabian horse brought all the way from Wilmington, but some, in fact most of the future students, just walked to Wake Forest.

It was not until this moment that one of the faculty thought of providing some sort of medical attention for the students. This need was brought to the attention of the president of the school who decided to remedy the situation by using the dean's office as a sort of stand in for a college infirmary until better arrangements could be made. After all, the dean would be teaching all day and wouldn't need his office except at night. One of the medical professors was appointed as college physician and held hours for treatment when he was not teaching

a class. The office equipment consisted of a table for the doctor's pill bottles and three straight backed chairs. If more than three students required attention, all others had to stand. If the sixteen by twenty office filled up, classes were suspended for the day.

LATER, WHEN A NEW building was constructed, the infirmary was given a room all its own equipment as the former office had been. Then came the War Between the States and nothing further could be done towards a real college infirmary until the Trustees in 1880 decided the college had done without an infirmary long enough and had plans drawn up for an appropriate building to serve the purpose. The major hold-up at this time, as has been the case in subsequent years, was money with which to build it. Several of the more wealthy alumni left provisions in their wills to build the infirmary and, finally, in 1906 the College Infirmary as it stands today was completed.

Since the present infirmary was completed there have been regular staffs with at least one doctor and a nurse on duty or "on call." The present infirmary was the closest thing to a hospital that Wake Forest had up until the completion of the Mackie-Corbin Clinic on Faculty Avenue last year. The infirmary is equipped with wards for men and women and three private rooms containing two beds each, total of eighteen beds

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An ailing student approaches the college infirmary.



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# Infirmary

by John Gibson

for regular use. There have been times when the capacity has been exceeded; for example, the flu epidemic in the winter of 1947 when beds were set up in the halls and every other available space inside the building. There is no exact count on the exact number of beds set up at this time, but some reports place

the number at around fourteen, giving the infirmary an emergency capacity of around 32 beds.

THOSE WERE TRYING days for the infirmary staff because they had to set up a standard of admittance; the standard set for the epidemic was a fever of 102

and above. The patients with lower temperatures were advised to take to their respective beds at their rooming houses and dormitories and remain there until they felt better. If they became worse they should send word to the infirmary and a doctor or a nurse would be sent to them as soon as possible. In



The waiting room as usual is crowded.



Some are put to bed.

this way the more seriously ill were given a chance for more direct attention, and those less ill were at least in bed somewhere (with competent medical attention standing by for emergency calls). The situation was so serious that one of the nurses that sped up and down the halls on her errands of mercy contracted the disease and nursed herself for three days before the good doctors checked her temperature and confined her to her bed.

Since that time the infirmary has never reached emergency capacity and beds have been

available for lower temperatures, and some have been admitted with even lesser ailments. For example, when a certain muscle-bound sportscaster got behind in reading three back copies of *Esquire*, he was admitted on the pretense of having a sprained ankle and proceeded to "homestead" the place for three weeks. When finally forced to leave the room where he had held unofficial press conferences for the past few weeks, the aforementioned sports writer shifted his eyes around and admitted he didn't know of any other place one could be waited on hand



Nurse-student Frances Tumblin

and foot for only a dollar and a half a day. For him it was like a vacation with pay. And indeed, he had a point, for no one within the sound of this typewriter can say the rates per day at our college infirmary are unreasonable. In fact, it is even said in some quarters that its cheaper to be sick than well, plus a few excused class cuts.

THE TRUTH OF THE matter is the college has spared nothing in placing within reach of each and every student within its walls the best that can be had in the way of medical attention. The college physician, Dr. George C. Mackie, a graduate of Wake Forest in 1924, received his M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania in 1928 and served as an interne at the Philadelphia General Hospital until 1930. Then in 1930 Dr. Mackie returned to Wake Forest as Associate Professor of Physiology and Pharmacology, a position he held for a year at the end of which he became Professor of Physiology and Pharmacology until he was appointed College Physician in 1941. Dr. Mackie has served faithfully and well in his present capacity, devoting long hours of his busy private



Dr. George C. Mackie, College Physician, writes a prescription.

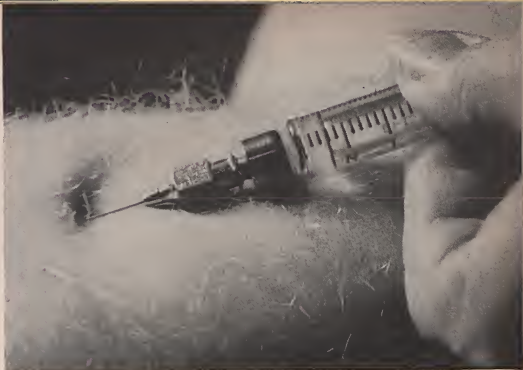


Nurse-student Helen Snowe

practice to the administration of the college infirmary and to the general health and welfare of all the students. Many times Dr. Mackie has been known to double the length of his consultation hours at the infirmary to give and oversee treatment of students in need of medical care.

The constant increase of the number of students in the spring of 1946 outgrew the possible service that could possibly be rendered by one physician, so, in the fall of 1946, Dr. George W. Corbin, Jr. was named as Assistant College Physician. Dr. Corbin was a graduate of Wake Forest College in 1939 and received his M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine in 1943. He was resident physician at the Graduate Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania until 1944. Since coming to Wake Forest in 1946, Dr. Corbin has worked untiringly at the infirmary easing the constant stream of students from Dr. Mackie's willing shoulders. In the hours that Dr. Mackie is out of the infirmary, one can usually find Dr. Corbin in his office treating students and administering the affairs of business.

Head-nurse Florence Bartholomew and Dr. George W. Corbin, Jr. take a few moments to relax.



A few are given the works.

On hand to assist these two fine doctors are three graduate nurses. The head nurse, Miss Florence Bartholomew, is a graduate of the Baptist Hospital in Winston-Salem. The duties of the head nurse are many and varied. She is expected to serve as office nurse to the doctors, take care of the in and out patients, order medical supplies, see that cleaning and laundry are sent out, plan the patients meals, order the groceries, and take care of the bookwork of the infirmary. These along with the unceasing care for the pa-

tients make up the chores of the head nurse.

**T**O AID THE HEAD NURSE there are two other graduate nurses who attend classes in the college. For practical purposes, they are called nurse-students. Miss Helen Snowe and Miss Frances Tumblin are our nurse-students this year. Helen is a graduate of St. Lukes Hospital in Richmond, Virginia, and spent twelve years as a private nurse. Frances graduated from Elizabeth Buxton Hospital in 1947 and did private duty for two  
(Continued on page twenty-eight)



# Dr. Kitchin:

## President, Physician, F

NEWCOMERS TO WAKE FOREST College who rely on the conventional notion of what a college president looks like are astonished to find that President Thurman D. Kitchin is simply not the frock-tailed, straight-laced type.

Dr. Kitchin's resignation from the presidency becomes effective July 1, but the familiar sight of him crossing the campus, dressed in a plain business suit and soft gray hat, will continue for what Wake Forest circles hope will be a long time. Next fall he resumes teaching duties as professor of physiology and hygiene in the biology department.

New students and visitors learn, too, that Dr. Kitchin with his innate friendliness is a personification of one of the college's cherished traditions. Friendliness has been cultivated at Wake Forest since its founding. To foster the ideals upon which the college was founded

has been a major aspect of his administration. His personality is well-suited to such a policy.

Soon after Wake Forest was organized in 1834, and again upon its being reorganized after the Civil War, it became evident that the school attracted students who remained extremely loyal to the college as alumni. Dr. Kitchin has been ever vigil to further this loyalty.

When an alumnus or friend stops by, Dr. Kitchin, no matter how busy, takes time out to say hello and chat awhile. Students are always welcome in his office. He listens patiently to their problems, and although he does not always have a solution, he offers sound advice to be used at the students' discretion.

Dr. Kitchin himself is intensely loyal to the college. He was the sixth of eight brothers to attend Wake Forest, something unique among colleges in this country. All three of his sons are graduates of the college,

and he has devoted thirty-three years of service, thirteen as teacher and dean of the School of Medicine and twenty as president. During that time he has directed as close to 100 per cent of his total energy to the welfare of the college as any man could.

GETTING THE JOB DONE for Wake Forest has been his one big concern. Once when a friend remonstrated with him that he was letting someone else take credit for a job, he is reported to have said, "I don't give a darn who gets the credit. All I want is to see the job done."

Dr. Kitchin's air of informality stems indirectly from his friendliness. His personality is void of any trace of ostentation. He has always shunned the spotlight and is content to go about his business with as little fanfare as possible.

In his office, plainly furnished and unadorned except for a few pictures of former presidents

Undergraduate



Medical Student



Dean





by Rom  
Weatherman

## an, Friend

and college buildings, he always seems relaxed. He never allows himself to become excited, but calmly hears out the day's problems. Then he goes quietly about solving them with no hustle or bustle.

The simplicity of his manner is compelling. Possessing that rare ability to adapt himself to any situation, he is extremely easy to talk with, and after a few moments in his company any man can feel at home.

It is the unruffled and deliberate manner in which he goes about his work that soon wins the confidence of his associates. As an executive he has known how to delegate authority. In delegating it he has expressed faith in those receiving it to such a degree that he has inspired them to confidence and best efforts.

The success of his administration is in part due to his willingness to remain close at hand. Except for a trip to Europe in

President



Dr. Kitchin chats with a group of students on the steps of Wait Hall.

1933, he has never been away from Wake Forest for an appreciable length of time. Consequently he has kept in constant touch with college affairs, large and small, and has been available to take first hand action as problems arise.

In fact, his story begins with work, and work tempered by accomplishment and modesty continues to be his story.

The two decades he has headed Wake Forest College have permitted only hard work. Dr. Kitchin took office in 1930 when the college, already in a downward slump, faced lean depression years ahead. No sooner were prosperous days in sight than they were snapped short by the tightening war years and the even tighter peace years that immediately followed.

Yet despite such calamitous times Dr. Kitchin will leave behind him a greater Wake Forest College.

"THERE'S NOTHING GLAMOROUS about being a college president," he said. "It's just plain hard work." But Dr. Kitchin was well acquainted with hard work long before he became Wake Forest's ninth president.

"When I was a boy," he remarked, "I walked three miles to school, and after walking home again, I always found plenty of work to do on the farm. There were many jobs I had to do in the morning before leaving for school. And in the summer I took to the fields behind a mule."

Dr. Kitchin is a member of one of North Carolina's most distinguished families. He was born October 17, 1885, the eighth child of William Hodges Kitchin and Maria Arrington Kitchin. He was reared on the Kitchin farm at Scotland Neck with his eight brothers and two sisters.

The Kitchin family has rendered notable public service to both state and nation. Noted for his power as a political campaigner, Dr. Kitchin's father was for many years a member of Congress and holds the distinction of having two sons follow in his footsteps.

Claude Kitchin was elected to the House of Representatives from the 2nd district and during Wilson's administration was majority leader and chairman of the House Ways and Means Com-

(Continued on page twenty-nine)

ROBIN SKIPPED HOME in the autumn leaves winnowed against the banks bordering the sidewalk. Occasionally he scooped up a handful of oak leaves and crushed them in his fist. Then holding them close to his nose, he breathed in a thousand darting memories. Into the air he tossed the fragments with a great swinging motion of his arm and dashed against the shower.

He liked the carefree tumble of leaves in the wind. Watching the shreds swirl around him, he muttered the word carefree again and again. Carefree was oh such a word. Mother would smile to hear him announce that he was a carefree school boy. She would like that—a carefree, skipping school boy.

When Robin came within sight of his front steps, he left off skipping and began to trot. A pity it was that skipping wasted shoe leather, and an even greater pity was the possession of only one pair of shoes. Mother had never understood that carefree boys should skip.

Pausing on the front steps, he thrust a thin hand into the pocket of his corduroy jacket. Shredded leaves clung to the little handbill which he withdrew. He clutched it tightly in his fist and then half danced up his front walk. Mother would not refuse him the saxette which everybody else would surely order.

He climbed the front steps two by two. Mother would greet him with bananas and cream which he would eat before the open fire while he related all the marvelous things about a saxette.

To make sure that Mother would know in an instant that he was home, Robin slung back the front door and stomped upon the floor. He ran down the short hall and into the kitchen. He was puzzled not to find his mother there. Finding her seated in the adjoining sitting room, Robin stood stark still a

## Carefree for Mother

moment, a little frightened. Mother seldom sat down during the day unless some salesman stopped by to display his wares. Mother would look at them and say she would like to have this or that, but she never bought anything.

Robin forgot bananas.

"Mother," Robin shouted, "You know what I am? I'm a carefree school boy." The words had no effect on his mother who sat silently looking away from him. "Mother," he tried again, "we read today in school about one—about a carefree school boy."

ROBIN TOOK A few steps forward and stood in front of his mother. Without looking at him, she pulled him down onto her lap. "Yes, Robin," she said in a near whisper, "you are my carefree school boy." Now she

looked down at him with eyes red at the edges and washed out looking within. Placing a hand on Robin's head, she brushed back the blonde sash of hair that had fallen over his wide eyes.

Robin squirmed a little and felt uncomfortable. Mother rarely petted him anymore. He wanted to pull away, but couldn't. Nothing could have made him. Somehow Mother's eyes should be gay.

Holding out the wadded little handbill and looking expectantly at his mother, he said exuberantly, "Look, Mr. Spencer gave one to everybody in the seventh grade." Robin urged the paper upon his mother as if he were giving her something she had wanted all her life. "Read it. See what it says. Mr. Spencer is going to have a whole saxette band. He says that if

(Continued on page thirty-three)



by Rom  
Weatherman





# The Genius Behind the Wake Forest Renaissance

by Ralph Stowe

PURSUING A PROGRESSIVE POLICY, aimed at the enlightenment of the world in general, and the students of Wake Forest in particular, your magazine has once again unearthed the truth and presents it proudly to you in another journalistic triumph.

In past months it has been rumored that Wake Forest will change its location from this hallowed ground to a thriving industrial center some six days camel hop to the northwest. To date there has been no definite news on the move and the people have been forced to thrive on whisperings of alleged truth that are, probably, without merit. However the STUDENT was not satisfied with the crumbs of gossip dropped here and there by the scribes and Pharisees as they left their secret meetings, so the editors dispatched your reporter and photographer to comb the world in search of reliable information and evidence of the projected transfer.

Patience and tenacity have been rewarded with results, and in the accompanying photographs you receive the joyous tidings of the NEW Wake Forest. We share with you the welcome news of the Baptist renaissance.

TO BECOME ACQUAINTED with the architect and planner of the NEW Wake Forest is to become acquainted with the school itself. The character of the man is reflected in the school and vice versa. "By their works shall ye know them," as an old Sunday school teacher used to say.

Gems Larceny is traditionally functional. This great concept, known only to great architects,

is most admirably and concisely expressed in his own words: "Yah, functions it bane traditional in my family for years and years. My functions it bane my papa coming from and from his papa too functions bane coming. It bane good tradition to function."

WE COULD NOT QUESTION such deep seated devotion and logic, and being strangers in a strange land we proceeded to inquire curiously and politely into some of the native customs of Mr. Larceny's native land. We were of course somewhat intrigued by Mr. Larceny's headgear. We were too polite and too humble to question the wisdom of the headgear, because well, after all, he IS Gems Larceny, but as tactfully as possible we did learn something that might be of assistance to you. Once again we quote the master verbatim:

"Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! und so your childun is liking my helmüt. Vell, dere iss long story connected with helmüt that I'll tell you, so be sitted for a liddul while. You see dis is Viking helmüt which was be-longing furst to mine great great great grendfudder Ivan Ibsen Jensen. Yah, dere vas de days when vikings vas vikings. You know, boys, we, of the younger chenerations should strive to be like dem vikings, cause dey vus really vikings. Efferyting had functional purpose-like what wit my buildings. Take dese horns, old viking Ibsen used to use dem to plug up de bottom of the boat, or the dike wit them, and dey

are so easy to carry—see how easy I carry them, and always I'm ready to plug a vacant bung, or mebbe to hang and empty mug from; while the top she is cover my bald head."

AND IT WAS THUS THAT WE SAT at the feet of the master and drank the pure drops of wisdom as they poured forth from the functional mouth. It was with awe and reverence that we gazed at the array of worldly glory and recognition that adorned his mantel piece, each a tribute to functionality.

Finally with a tear in his eye and an ecstatic tinge to his voice, he unfurled to us the plans for the New and the Greater Wake Forest. The quadrangle, the administration building, the classrooms and the gymnasium are monuments to his traditionally functional Georgian simplicity. And he did grant the students a request—he promised the new Wake Forest a "Y Court," only bigger, better and more functional than Carolina's.

This piece of work is the culmination of years and years of building. To design and construct an entire college is the dream that is beyond the wildest hope of the average architect. Less often than once in several lifetimes does the occasion to design and construct an institution of higher learning come to one man, or group of men. As a rule it is a tack-on affair that covers many years and utilizes many ideas and types of architecture. But here, HERE, is the opportunity for a group of people to construct a school that is to be used for generations upon



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generations. It must be beautiful as well as useful, it must serve to build the minds and bodies of many thousands of children—yours and mine—for years to come. It **MUST** be re-

membered that tradition is inherently a *commodity* sold to stiff-necked prudes whose eyesight does not recognize value beyond their own experience

(Continued on page thirty-eight)

Above: A Dream Come True. The Memorial Union which promises to be a focal point for social and intellectual activity.

Below: The Arch of Triumph connecting the Bursar's Office with the Veterans' Counselor's Office. The day light between the two buildings signifies the traditional separation of church and state.



Opposite page, above left: One of the many comfortable restrooms which due to an architectural slip of the pen will be reserved for Phi Beta Kappas and faculty members.

Above right: This scene, in the north-west corner of the campus is the site used by Mammian Toddy, Mus.M., Th.D., professor of bongo, and famous herb and voo doo specialist of New Orleans. It is affectionately called the Lottie Moon Stag Center Vat 69 Amphitheatre and will be used only for focus week and student council meetings.

Below left: Our students have entered wholeheartedly into the push to get the Baptists over the hump of—the Camel.

Below right: The hilarious student of the future eagerly peddles to progressive pedagogy, undaunted by a double dunking in the stagnant moat of the girl's dormitory.

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# Dr. Poteat— Imperial Potentate

by Ray Wyche

WAKE FORESTERS TAKING courses in the Latin Department during the 1950-1951 session will find that department lacking some of the stateliness, dignity, and splendor which has characterized it in years past. The department will continue to offer high quality instruction, but much of its color will be gone.

The reason: Dr. Hubert M. Poteat, Professor of Latin for the past 38 years, will be taking a year's leave of absence. He will become Imperial Potentate

of North America's 600,000 Shriners on June 20, 1950. Dr. Hubert will serve as chief of the Shriners for thirteen months.

Possibly no other professor at Wake Forest has made an impression on students as lasting as that of "Dr. Hubert." His clear authoritative voice, his well-timed wit, and his inexhaustible knowledge of the Latin language and Roman culture have endeared him to all who knew him.

He is prominent in fields other than Latin and Masonic work;

he is a nationally known figure. It is not in the least surprising that he has been awarded the top position of the Shrine. This honor, which will come after forty-three years of conscientious Masonic and Shrine work, is proof of his ability to excel in all he undertakes.

Dr. Hubert is one of the most versatile men ever to become head Shriner. He could have been a professional musician; he is widely sought and admired as a lecturer and public speaker. And in the field he chose as his life's work, Latin, he is recognized as one of the foremost authorities in the nation today.

Perhaps Dr. Hubert is best known to students, past and present, for his sturdy defense of what is right, regardless of the opposition. He has withstood for years the many shoutings of "heretic" and "liberal" which have been directed toward him by narrow-minded factions. His tolerance, especially concerning religious faiths other than his own, has brought against him repeated denunciations. These verbal blasts have not daunted him in the least. He struck back with the most powerful of weapons, and one which is synonymous with his precepts—truth.

THE TITLE OF IMPERIAL Potentate is perhaps the greatest office to be added to the amazing list of honors and laurels he has achieved. Dr. Hubert is replacing Harold Lloyd, popular Hollywood comedian, as head of the Shrine. He will be installed at the Shriner's convention which meets in Los Angeles June 20, 21, and 22. For the next 13 months, Dr. and Mrs. Poteat will visit Shrine temples in the United States, Mexico, and Canada.

The Board of Trustees has granted Dr. Hubert a year's leave of absence which he serves as the Shriner's chief. Although his services will be missed here

(Continued on page thirty-eight)

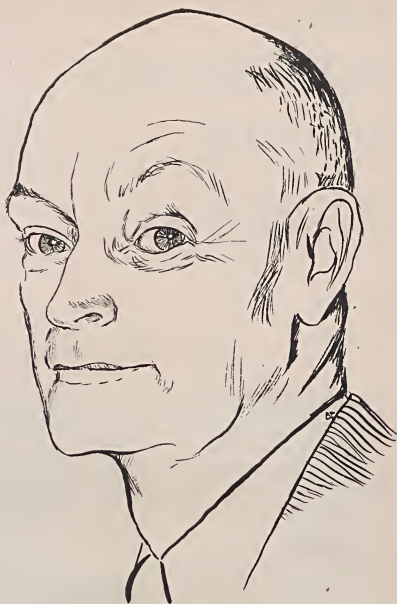




"NO TWO BLOOD VESSELS IN THE CAT ARE ALIKE," said Dr. O. C. Bradbury, "and neither are any two students exactly alike." That statement indicates as much as anything else the individual personal interest which motivates Dr. Bradbury's relations with the students in his department. It explains a great many things, such as his missing all the homecoming games because he is busy giving the American Medical Association tests to pre-medical students. It isn't that Dr. Bradbury has little interest in football; he is an ardent sports fan. The fact is that since no amount of reasoning is sufficient to have the date on which the tests are given moved one way or another, the head of the Department of Biology, with his concern for the pre-med students, personally sees to the administration of the tests, although he could easily enough delegate the task to someone else. Dr. Bradbury once thought about becoming a physician himself, but decided that he would probably live longer as a teacher. Perhaps he feels that the student who plans to devote his or her life to the practice of medicine needs his sympathy and compassion.

This scholarly, slightly stooped professor of biology comes from the Midwest, almost, he says, from the geographical center of the United States. He was brought up on a farm, and attended a one-room school. "They say one-room schools are no good," he says, "but I know better." Preparatory school, a denominational college similar to Wake Forest, but smaller, and the University of Nebraska were the steps in the completion of his education, and subsequently he taught in a number of states in the West before he came to Wake Forest in 1925.

Dr. Bradbury feels that he is primarily a teacher, rather than a research man. He made up his mind to teach when he was twelve years old. That ambition



## Dr. Bradbury

BY BOB HOWREN

was at first directed toward one-room school, so he went to preparatory school to qualify himself for that sort of job. Once there, however, he decided that it would be even better to teach in high school, and accordingly went to college, but one thing led to another and soon he found himself at the University of Nebraska, intending to take a Master's degree, and call it "quits."

The man under whom Dr. Bradbury was to study at the University of Nebraska was instrumental in his student's going further to study for his doctorate. But this is the way Dr. Bradbury tells it:

He had no idea at all what his graduate study should be concerned with. After talking to the professor for a time, the professor handed him a mono-

(Continued on page forty)

# THE REMARKABLE WELKER SHUE

by

Bob Howren

"WELK, WHAT TIME IS IT?" asked Welker Shue's wife.

Welk pulled from his pocket a watch in a snap case, flipped back the cover, and said, "Twenty-five past eight."

Not so remarkable, you say? But it is. Welker Shue is blind —has been since 1944. But before Welk suffered the injury during the war which caused him to lose his sight, he saw a

great deal of this old world: from Bainbridge, Maryland, to the Hawaiian Islands; from Formosa to Philadelphia; the Marshalls, the Admiralty Islands, the Carolinas; Truk, Siapan, Tinian; from June, 1943, until that unlucky day in October, 1944, Welker Shue roamed all over the Pacific Ocean aboard a "tin can."

Some people disclaim any superstition about bad luck on a Friday the 13th, but others, like Welker Shue, are not quite so sure about the matter. It was during a twelve-day air battle between Formosa and the Philippines that Welk's destroyer was on radar picket. There occurred the sort of mix-up which happened only too often in naval operations, and in the darkness of the night of Friday, October 13, 1944, gunfire from an American ship raked Welk's boat. Two more salvos were fired, and during the third Welk was hit. That injury put an end to Welker Shue's tour of naval duty, except for the time he spent in the Navy Hospital in Philadelphia. He still chuckles, however, as he remembers how he was almost "dumped in the drink" as he was being transferred from his boat to the hospital ship which was to bring him to Philadelphia, after a two-week delay in Hawaii.

WELK HAS FINISHED ONE semester in the law school, and lives in a small but comfortable "pre-fab" apartment with his tiny, attractive wife, Doris, and his still tinier daughter, Karen Gay. Karen Gay, incidentally, had the bad grace to enter the Shue household on



Welker, shown with his attractive wife Doris, holds tiny daughter Karen Gay, who was born on the night her papa should have been studying for his torts exam. She is now about six months old and growing rapidly.



Welker Shue

the night when her papa should have been studying for his tort examination the next day.

"I flunked it," Welk grins.

Besides his Braille pocket-watch, Welk has a deck of Braille playing cards, both of which were given him by the American Foundation for the blind. He likes to play bridge, but what he enjoys most is bowling. He says that he doesn't do so well at duck-pins, but modestly admits that he bowls an average score of about 250 at ten-pins. All he needs to send the big ball straight down the alley to its mark is a wire stretched from the ball-rack to the foul line, from which he steps off his distance.

He plays other games, too—darts, horseshoes, archery. "It's just a matter of throwing at a sound," says Welk. "In the naval hospital in Philadelphia we had a dart board rigged up with a bell behind the bull's-eye. You could ring the bell and then throw at the sound. If you hit the bull's-eye, the point of the

dart closed the circuit and the bell kept ringing until the dart was pulled out.

"On the archery range the targets were wired in much the same way."

Doris reminds him that he does pretty well at horseshoes, by throwing at the sound of the stake being struck by a shoe. But there's one place at which Welk draws the line. Pitching the shoes is one thing; riding the horses is another. "It's too rough for me," he winces.

**B**OTH WELK AND HIS WIFE are from Burlington, N. C., where he has prospects of setting up a good law practice when he graduates in January, 1952, as he plans. Mrs. Shue didn't meet Welk until after he

was discharged from the Navy in 1945, even though they had lived in the same town all their lives. When he came back home and decided that he wanted to study law, he had to return to high school to get his diploma, since he had joined the Navy before he graduated. That done, he married, in 1947, and spent the next two years at Elon College in preparation for law school.

Welk's "eyes" in law school are Paul Newton, who is in all his classes, reads to him, and is his constant companion during the day, so there is no doubt that Welker Shue will get along fine, provided he doesn't have too many Karen Gays come along on the nights before examinations.



Paul Newton is Welk's constant companion during the day. Here he is pictured reading a law assignment to his friend. The two do all of their school work together by a reading-discussion method. In this manner Welker is developing a prodigious memory for fact situations and case rulings. His recitations on class come solely from his head.

## Too Old F

"WALKER'S MY NAME, James Horton Walker. That's my real name, but some knuckle-brained sports writer give me the nickname of 'Eagle' Walker, so that's probably the name that you know me by. Yep, that's right, I'm the same Eagle Walker that plays shortstop for the White Sox and was voted the most valuable player in the National League last year. Now you're probably already thinkin' that this story is all about me and how I won that trophy, but you're dead wrong, dead wrong. This story is about a pitcher for my team. His name is Walker, too, only that's his first name and not his last, like mine. Some of his good friends, of which I am one, call him 'Whip' 'cause of the way he throwed a baseball, but you probably knew him as 'Legs' Ronson, bud, 'cause that's the handle that some needle-brained sports writer give him. What's that, bud? You say you ain't never heard of Legs Ronson? How old are you? That all? Then he was before your time, bud.

"Let's have another beer, friend. Say what? You will? Hey, bartender Two more beers over here!

"Well, anyway, bud, this particular game that I'm gonna tell you about was played back in '31. That was the year that us White Sox and the Bullets was tied for the National League lead with only one more game left to play. Now we'd had trouble with them bums all season, and I don't mind tellin' you that we was a little bit nervous over it 'cause we knew that it meant the pennant. There





# Old For Glory

by Bobby Butts

couldn't be no tie or no play-offs, 'cause this was the last game, and we was already tied for the first place. Also, it was the first year in the major leagues for me and four other key players on the White Sox team, and everybody was mighty scared that we'd blow up under the strain. The scarest of them all, though, was our manager that year, Red Coleman. Bud, let me tell you, he was really one nervous man, 'cause he had a wife and kid to support, and the wolves were already hintin' that if he wanted his family to eat regular the next year, he'd best win that pennant. Poor old Red already had visions of him and his happy little family settin' on the front porch of the county poor house. It was sorta' amusin' to some of the old-timers, but I was too scared myself to see the funny side of it.

"Now like I told you before, we hadn't done too good against them Bullets all season, and everyone was predictin' that the pennant was as good as in their pocket already. Their front office was bein' swamped with orders for tickets to the world's series, and the bookies was givin' eight-to-one odds in their favor. Now all of this won't none too good for our morale, but we still had hopes of beatin' them bums 'cause Whip Ronson was gonna' be on the mound for us, and they had beat him only one time all season.

"Now Whip was one of the old-timers left on the team, bud, and he didn't have as much stuff on the ball as he'd had in his younger years, but he was a mighty shrewd pitcher and



plenty good at out-smartin' a batter. Anyway, he was the only pitcher that had looked any good against the Bullets for us all season, so he was about the only one that we could use. I guess old Whip was about the calmest man on the team that day, too. He was just settin' over in one corner of the dressin' room sorta' by himself, not sayin' much, like he always did, while Red Coleman was givin' us the old sob story about how his wife and kid had to eat the next year.

"Say, bartender, how about another mug of suds for me and my friend here?"

"WELL, LIKE I WAS SAYIN' bud, we was settin' in the dressin' room waitin' for Coleman to finish cryin' so we could go out and get warmed-up. He finally finished, and we trotted out on the playin' field and took our positions for infield practice. Whip went over in front of the dugout and started warming-up his arm real casual

like. I glanced up at the stands to see how many people was there, although I could tell that it was a sell-out by the racket they kicked up when we came out on the field. I was mighty glad that we was playin' on our home field, 'cause we'd won only one game on them bums' field, and believe me, bud, a friendly crowd means a heck of a lot in a game like that.

"We finally finished warming-up, and Red called us in to the dugout for last minute instructions. When we went back out on that field, bud, you could have heard that crowd roarin' all the way over in the next state. That helped our morale a lot, but we still had that nervous feelin', and it would've took a lot more than a friendly crowd to relieve that.

"Well, bud, the game started out just like any other of the hundred and fifty-three that we'd played that year, and old Whip got the first three batters

(Continued on page forty-one)



## CHARLIE'S GAME

by BILL HENSLEY

CHARLIE TEAGUE, THE greatest second baseman in college baseball, has every reason for being a normal, unassuming college student with baseball playing no part in his glorious career. The diminutive Greensboro lad should have given up baseball in high school, but the story, strangely enough, doesn't go like that.

Let's go back a few years to Greensboro High School when Charlie was a freshman. Baseball had always been his dream, and in high school he had a chance to play and get a start

in organized baseball. When spring rolled around, Teague donned his first uniform and reported to Coach Jabbo Johnson's drills. After a few days he was cut from the squad, and Jabbo didn't give that little guy who tried out for second base a second thought.

Not dismayed by failure in his first attempt, Charlie decided to try it again the following year—only to be cut from the squad a second time. Somewhere Charlie remembered an old adage about "if at first you don't succeed. . ."

Luckily, Charlie had a father

who was interested in two things: his son, and baseball. Mr. Teague, an ex-semipro performer, took over the reins of his son's career and played the major role in Charlie's quest for a baseball future. Every night the elder of the Teagues took his young son out in the back yard, and the two of them would practice for hours. Each night the entire fundamentals of the game were rehearsed—hitting, fielding, throwing, and above all, the mental processes that accompany the sport.

Mr. Teague was a persistent man. No son of his was going to get cut from the squad two years in a row. Needless to say, Charlie learned a lot from his father.

In his junior year, Charlie finally won a berth on the starting team. The Whirlies didn't set the world on fire with their play, but Charlie had proven himself to be a capable performer around the keystone sack. Coach Jabbo Johnson was mighty proud of the kid he had cut from his crew the two previous years and so was the rest of the team. So proud, in fact, that they named him captain for the next year.

The following year Greensboro's high school baseball team made history. With Teague at the helm, the Whirlies came out of a 20 game schedule with only one defeat marked against them. As a result of its impressive record the team was chosen to meet Durham for the state championship. Greensboro won the game, 5-3, with Charlie driving in three of the five runs.

Here the story takes the first of its ironic twists. After high school graduation, Charlie attended a baseball school in the summer to improve his game and pick up a few more tricks of the trade. He had only been in train-

*(Continued on page forty-three)*

PICTURE OF THE MONTH Boston Post-Beach May 10, 1950.

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**L. Roberts**

Winston-Salem, N. C.

## THE COLLEGE INFIRMARY

*(Continued from page eleven)*

years before coming to Wake Forest this fall. The nurse-students work twenty-eight (and more) hours each week with four hours duty each afternoon, "on call" two nights each week and on regular duty every third week-end.

Wake Forest's infirmary is as well equipped as any college infirmary in the country, and Wake Forest students are indeed fortunate to have such excellent medical facilities. The treatment rooms are equipped to treat any thing from a malignant case of athlete's foot to performing a minor operation. The X-Ray equipment is as modern and up to date as is possible.

Unfortunately there is no direct ambulance service connected with the infirmary, but in cases of emergency, the students seem to make their way down to the infirmary easily. For example, last year when one of the co-eds broke her ankle over in the gym, her friends drafted one of the football players who was passing by and pressed him into service as a walking ambulance. And without further ado, he carried the young lady down to the infirmary. In another case, one of the students sprained his ankle so badly that he was unable to hobble down to the infirmary, so his room mate rounded up a friend and helped the young man out to a borrowed Model A Ford and with no thought to life or limb, whizzed calmly over to the infirmary and carried the student in to be X-Rayed and treated. So, actually, the ambulance service is first rate even if it is strictly unorganized.

**T**HE REGULAR HOURS for treatment are posted on the door for all students to carefully observe—if they will—but seldom if ever, do many students pay any attention to such printed matter.



The college infirmary is one of the leading dispensers of all sorts of pills and draughts in this section of North Carolina. For nearly any case that comes in, they can supply the ailing student with almost any known medicine (including APC's). Of course, a record is kept on the dispensation of all narcotics, but on more than one occasion, a record has had to be kept on that old cough medicine stand-by, Turpin-hydrate. It seems that during the falls of 1946 and 1947 when the veteran population was much larger than it is today, the supply of Turpin-hydrate seemed to diminish faster than usual. Quite a number of veterans would show up with terrible coughs and demand that their bottles be refilled with nothing else but—you guessed it—Turpin-hydrate. So, the only way the doctors could devise to stop this run on the magic liquid was to have each patient register as to how much he was taking and when was the last time he (or she) had their prescription refilled. There has never been a satisfactory explanation for this unusual demand for cough syrup, but they tell me the stuff is seventy proof.

#### DR. KITCHIN

(Continued from page thirteen)

mittee. Another brother, William Walton, was sent to Congress from the 5th district. The two brothers were for some time members of Congress together. William was later elected governor of North Carolina 1909-13.

Politics is a natural for Dr. Kitchin say some of his closest associates. They believe that if he had been so inclined he could have outdone his famous brothers. But young Kitchin eschewed a political career for medicine.

Having already completed freshman Greek and Latin requirement at Vine Hill Male

Academy, sixteen year old Kitchin was able to enter Wake Forest as a sophomore in 1902. In three years, he not only completed the requirements for a B.A. degree and finished a year of medicine but maintained a scholastic average of 97 plus.

He continued the study of medicine at the University of North Carolina in 1906, and two years later received an M.D. degree from Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia.

Immediately after graduation he set up practice in Lumberton, where he remained for two years. That same year he married Reba Clark, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. I. Clark of Scotland Neck. In 1910, he returned to Scotland Neck to continue his career as a country practitioner.

In 1917, at the behest of Dr. W. L. Poteat, then president of Wake Forest College, Dr. Kitchin came to join the Medical School faculty as professor of physiology and pharmacology.

"I came to Wake Forest expecting to be here for only a year," he remarked. "But as things turned out I've been here ever since. And during that time I think I can truthfully say that I have spent hardly a waking moment when I wasn't thinking about the welfare of the college."

**I**N ADDITION TO TEACHING medicine, he served as college physician and carried on an extensive private practice. In 1919 he was appointed dean of the School of Medicine. Factional trouble had split the faculty, and as a result, two members had resigned. Dr. Kitchin's firmness and tact soon healed the rupture and restored harmony.

In the words of one member of the faculty, "he made the Medical School respected." He continued as dean until June, 1936, after becoming president.

When President P. Gaines re-

signed in 1929, the Board of Trustees began to cast around for his successor. Dr. Kitchin had already shown marked ability and success as an administrator and had won the friendship and confidence of both the faculty and student body. But Dr. Kitchin entertained no thought of being asked to become president.

Without his knowledge a petition in his favor was circulated by certain members of the faculty and student body. It was signed by most of the faculty and by over 97 per cent of the students. (But there were some people who were skeptical of Dr. Kitchin's religious experiences and activities and feared that he was not qualified in such matters to head a denominational school.)

Dr. Kitchin, being busy with matters at the college, had never regularly attended the Baptist State Convention and various other Baptist associations. Some of his closest friends even doubted the wisdom of making him president. Others felt certain that he possessed the qualities required of a president of a Baptist college. The wisdom of this latter group has borne out by the events of the passing years.

Under President Kitchin's administration the number of students preparing themselves for the ministry has reached the largest percentage of the enrollment of any period in the history of the college.

But the controversy over his proposed election brought charge and counter charge into newspapers and engendered temporary ill will among some members of the faculty. (But it was clear that Dr. Kitchin was the choice of a majority of the faculty, students, and alumni.) Therefore, on July 2, 1930, he was unanimously elected president by the Board of Trustees.

Upon invitation, Dr. Kitchin went immediately before the

Board to make a statement in which he said, "I shall cherish no resentment and entertain no animosities . . . and pledge myself to cooperate wholeheartedly with trustees, faculty, and alumni."

"It was the Christian thing to do," said a member of the faculty, "and he has lived that pledge from that very moment to this." During the whole of his administration Dr. Kitchin has had the full cooperation of every member of the faculty.

Inter-faculty relationships have also been happily harmonious. No wielder of the big stick, Dr. Kitchin has been tolerant in small matters, but insistent in matters of major importance affecting principles and policies of the college.

It was no envious position that Dr. Kitchin moved into

when he assumed the presidency. The period which lay ahead was anything but auspicious. It was a time which called for diligence and practical thinking. Fortunately Dr. Kitchin was stuck with the need for practicality during the depression years ahead.

"Removed from the sick bed and put behind the president's desk, I felt for awhile like a fish out of water," he remarked about the period.

"Perhaps my election as president of the college was not such a tragedy after all. I did not possess the orthodox qualities of a college president. But Dr. Poteat and Dr. Gaines were such great scholars and public speakers the college was able to go for a while with just a practical workman. Now the college again needs a really great

scholar and eloquent speaker."

His ability to see quickly to the very core of a problem and to express his ideas clearly and forcefully has been cited as his greatest asset and the one from which Wake Forest has benefited most.

As a physician he is considered one of the best diagnosticians in this section of the state. Many incidents are told by his former medical students and associates of his uncanny ability to diagnose difficult cases. This unusual ability of analysis has been carried over into his administrative work.

It accounts to a remarkable degree for the skill and keenness with which he judges human nature. This quality, as in the case of his innate friendliness, has enabled him to use his natural traits in forming and directing the policies of the college.

## QUESTIONS

- A** You'll see DD in ABC  
If you look intently at the magic B.
- B** A prefix for three, and like two in a pod,  
Will give you my name, and the letters are odd.
- C** Take homo sapiens: one who's youthful,  
With Good Hope's rival: we're being truthful.

Answers and names of winners will be available at magazine office. Winners will be notified by mail.

*Chesterfield*

### RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers from different students win a carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter winning as you like, but use Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date.
6. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
7. Decision of judges will be final.

### LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** BARBARA HALE. An arrow is a "barb"; a constellation is "Ara"; hearty is "hale."
- B** THE FIGURE 4, is made by the manner in which the Stork's legs are crossed.
- C** MULLINS. To heat and spice is "mull." Add taverns (inns) and the whole answer becomes Mullins.
- WINNERS...

### WINNERS IN THE CHESTERFIELD CONTEST!

Paul Walton, William Taylor, Hugh Carlton, Jack Powell, Howard Jester, Steve Tkach, Sam Hester, William Brewer, David Simpson, Frank Singleton.

HIS EXPERTNESS IN JUDGING character has contributed toward preserving the established ability of the college to attract able teachers who have been willing to devote their lives in service to it. Throughout the years the college has had a remarkably small turnover in faculty. The continuity thus achieved has preserved policy, atmosphere, and traditions.

For an example, in 1942 it became necessary to find someone to fill the newly-created office of Dean of Women. Dr. Kitchin recommended Miss Lois Johnson as perfectly suited for the job. She has discharged her duties admirably and vindicated fully the trust Dr. Kitchin put in her. And in other instances he has seldom been wrong in recommending faculty members to the various departments.

When Dr. Kitchin took office the Medical School was being attacked by nation-wide efforts to abolish all two-year medical schools. Dr. Kitchin took the stump against the movement

and played a strong role in saving two-year schools for those who wanted to be doctors but could not afford the high tuition extracted by the larger schools.

In 1933 fire destroyed old Wait Hall, the administration building, and the next year Wingate Memorial Chapel burned to the ground.

With the replacement of those buildings began a building program that continues to this day. By far more buildings have been erected during his administration than in that of any other president.

Dr. Kitchin once said it would be good to tear down and rebuild one building a year. He didn't mean it literally, but it is his way of expressing the idea that the sight of change encourages enthusiasm for further progress.

To house the School of Medicine, the William Amos Johnson Building was completed in 1932. A new Wait Hall to replace the old was completed in 1935. Gore Gymnasium was put into use that same year. Simmons Dormitory for men was finished in 1937, and Groves Stadium in 1940.

The Baptist State Convention appropriated money for the erection of a Music-Religion Building, completed in 1942, and a new Chapel which was used for the first time last May for commencement exercises.

In 1944, additions were made to the heating plant and shop. Fifty-seven apartments were erected in 1946 to accommodate the influx of married veterans. A new Dormitory for women was completed in 1947.

Many improvements have been made on the campus grounds. Permanent street improvements on the north and west sides of the campus have been made, and a complete system of brick walks has been laid on the campus.

The physical improvements made during Dr. Kitchin's administration have raised the

value of the physical plant from \$681,000 to \$3,643,000.

Financial progress has been equally as impressive. Carrying through the slogan "More Students and More Money," Dr. Kitchin with the help of trustees, faculty, and alumni, has put over a financial program which has resulted in an increase of the annual budget from about \$300,000 in 1930 to approximately \$2,000,000 today. The endowment has been increased from \$2,300,000 to approximately \$4,536,000.

Accordingly the enrollment has steadily increased from 617 to the present 2,160.

Once during the war enrollment dropped to about 300, and the college was about broke. Dr. Kitchin cites that period as the bluest of his administration. He resolved to do something about it.

After making numerous trips to Washington, where he consulted influential friends, Dr. Kitchin succeeded in inducing government officials to locate a Finance School at Wake Forest. The school remained on the campus for eighteen months. It carried the college through the war period and provided a profit with which to operate until the students returned in numbers from various branches of the service.

The academic standards of the college itself have been raised remarkably. The School of Medicine, which had been a two-year school from the start, was converted into a four-year school and removed to spacious new quarters in Winston-Salem, where it was attached to Baptist Hospital.

Dr. Kitchin was one of the first to see the possibility of obtaining for Wake Forest the huge sum which the University of North Carolina had refused from the Bowman Gray Foundation. He had long advocated that the Medical School be attached to the Baptist Hospital. And with the help of others and the Bowman Gray grant, his desire was accomplished in 1940.

MANY NEW DEPARTMENTS have been added to the school of Liberal Arts with a resulting increase in faculty from 46 in 1930 to 187 today. A school of religion and a school of business administration have been established. A department of physical education has been separated and made distinct from the department of athletics. A department of music has also been added.

During the past twenty years the entire college has become fully accredited by the various standardizing agencies. The



Just a little more bottom English, Charlie.



School of Law was admitted to membership in the Association of American Law Schools in 1935, and in 1937 was approved by the American Bar Association.

The college was unconditionally admitted to membership in the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools in 1936 and was approved by the Association of American Universities in 1938. In 1941, the college became a member of the Southern University Conference.

Many of the principal professional fraternities and honor societies have installed chapters at Wake Forest, a procedure which continues today. In 1939, Omicron Delta Kappa, national honorary leadership fraternity, installed a circle. And in 1941, Phi Beta Kappa, the national scholarship fraternity, came to the campus. Dr. Kitchin is a member of both societies.

The fine arts department of the college acquired two priceless gifts, the Simmons Art Collection and the Charles Lee Smith Library.

(All traces of hazing have been eliminated from the campus.)

In 1942 women were admitted to the college for the first time, a move which Dr. Kitchin heartily approved.

"Co-education is good," he said, "because it is the natural thing. Men and women must be closely associated all their lives. So why should they be separated the four years they attend college?"

Despite the great achievements made during his term of office, Dr. Kitchin remains extremely modest. Of himself and his work he said, "I have just been a kind of shock absorber around here for the past twenty years. I absorb the shocks and try to make the best of things. I have done nothing someone else could not have done better."

Despite, too, the great responsibility resting on him, Dr.

Kitchin has remained in close contact with medicine and has found time to take an active part in medical affairs.

He has long been a champion of medical reform and a crusader for more extensive public instruction in prevention of disease. He has backed movements for the construction of more hospitals and for closer cooperation between doctors and public health officers. He stands in opposition to quackery and socialized medicine.

He has always taken a great interest in the activities of the School of Medicine. When called upon, he has helped to solve many of its problems. He has been particularly useful in aiding the Bowman Gray School of Medicine acquire a top-flight faculty equal to that of any medical school in the country.

For ten years he was consulting physician for the North Carolina State Hospital for the Insane in Raleigh, and for eight years he served on the board of directors of the State Hospital in Raleigh.

In 1928 he was elected president of the North Carolina Medical Society, and in 1930 he was named to the American College of Physicians, one of the highest honors that can be given any American doctor.

Since 1932 he has been on the board of directors of the North Carolina State Sanatoria for the Treatment of Tuberculosis. He is chairman of the North Carolina Advisory Council to the Unemployment Compensation Commission.

Together with Dr. Guy E. Snively, he represents the Association of American Colleges on the Advisory Council of Medical Education. He has been a member since 1944 of the Veterans Administrator's Special Committee on Vocational Rehabilitation, Education, and Training Problems.

When Dr. Kitchin took the licensing examination given by

the North Carolina State Board of Medical Examiners, he made the highest average grade in the 1908 class of applicants.

**A GOOD STUDENT HIMSELF, Dr.** Kitchin knows and understands the problems of young medical students. An article printed in the magazine *Southern Medicine and Surgery*, May, 1928, had this to say about Dr. Kitchin as a teacher: "The greatest contribution to his profession and to his state made by Dr. Kitchin has been the spirit which he has inspired in his students. Not only has he taught them scientifically, but he has touched their hearts as only one who loves his fellows can."

In recognition of his contributions as an educator and public servant, he has been awarded three honorary LL.D. degrees, the first by Duke University in 1932, the second by the University of North Carolina in 1933, and the third by Davidson College in 1947.

But Dr. Kitchin is not content to sit back and glory in the achievements of the past.

"When people get as old as I am they sometimes are inclined to talk and think only of the past. But I am looking to the future," he remarked.

Dr. Kitchin is not resigning because he thinks his job is finished, but because he wants it to continue.

In his letter of resignation he said that the college has reached a point where it faces the greatest development in its history and that he believes that it is important for a young, able, and vigorous man to be at the helm to guide the college through the expanding years ahead.

His reference is to the moving of Wake Forest to Winston-Salem. Dr. Kitchin is steadfast in the belief that the school should avail itself of the opportunities which the Reynold's offer holds out. His unselfishness in stepping down after



having led Wake Forest to the threshold of a bright new era is evidence enough of the honesty and frankness with which so many of his friends associate him.

But, still the workhorse, Dr. Kitchin is loath to sever all connections with the college. At his request the Board of Trustees granted him a full professorship in physiology and hygiene, subjects which he formerly taught in the School of Medicine. He always found much delight in his teaching duties and looks forward eagerly to next fall when he will again conduct classes.

Dr. Kitchin said that he could not single out any one moment he considers to be the high point of his administration. Every step forward was an accomplishment of equal importance with him.

But perhaps the Board of Trustees has pointed out his single greatest contribution to the college. It says in its resolution of appreciation to President Kitchin upon the occasion of his retirement: "Above all, we are grateful that he has upheld our prized traditions and fostered and enhanced what is perhaps our greatest treasure—The Wake Forest Spirit."

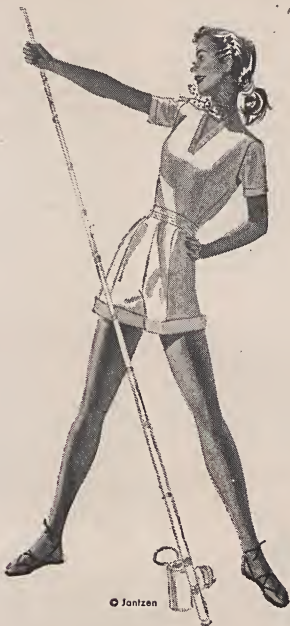
### CAREFREE FOR MOTHER

(Continued from page fourteen)

you learn to play a saxette it will be easy to learn to play a clarinet later on. He wants everybody to learn to play one so they can be in the high school band."

Mother read the little handbill, stopping now and then to glance at a picture of a little silver pipe, with six stop holes, a belled end, and a plastic whistle mouth piece.

Robin returned to the attack. "See what it says about being the first step toward learning to play the clarinet. Mr. Spencer played one today during music hour. He played 'America,' 'Old



2L-31 "ROVER"—Big news here is the hug-me-tight waistband, railroad-stitched for extra good looks. A lot of shrewd Jantzen designing went into the straight clean lines of this little classic—back-zipped for beautiful snug fit. Turn-up cuffs are another smart item, and so is the pocket—safe parking-place for lipstick, coins, keys. Fine Sanforized Cotton Gabardine that tubs like a handkerchief. Eight swell colors. 10-20. 3.95.

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Black Joe,' 'Beautiful Dreamer,' and lots of others. You can play anything on it. It's a real pitched musical instrument. Mr. Spencer said so."

"How much does it cost?" his mother asked. She was still talking in a near whisper.

"Just six dollars," Robin answered, slurring over the words.

"I don't know," his mother began doubtfully.

"But your dividend check comes this month," Robin interrupted quickly. "You said so. You'll get over fifty dollars."

"Hush now," she said lightly. "We'll see about it. But sit still now a minute. I want to tell you something."

THE UNNATURALLY serious tone of her voice made Robin feel more uncomfortable. He wished Mother wouldn't run her hand through his hair anymore. Now he sat perfectly motionless, tensely waiting for his mother's announcement.

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PHARMACY

PHONE 2761

"Your brother Henry is coming home," she began in a husky voice foreign to her. Robin noticed it, but what his mother had said overcame his anxiety.

"When? Will he be here for the weekend? He'll be here to help me stack the wood in the shed, won't he?"

"Hush. Be still. Let me talk. Henry is coming home because he needs a rest. Dr. Johnson wrote Uncle Claude about it."

"But he'll help me with the wood. I know he will," Robin whined. A hurt look came into Mother's eyes which made his chest hurt. He wished he had not interrupted her. Mother never cried. He had never seen her cry. She wasn't going to cry now. Robin felt suddenly lost as she left off fondling his hair.

"Shh! Let me finish," she began again. Her eyes were wide open, but Robin felt she wasn't seeing anything. "Uncle Claude is going to the University to bring Henry home tonight. He'll stop by here on the way."

The words fell dead on Robin. "But what's the matter with Henry?" he asked speaking slowly for the first time.

His mother leaned back and looked at the ceiling. "He's not sick in body, Robin. He just needs a rest. The doctors say he's despondent."

"What does despondent mean?"

"It means to be sad—blue—depressed—worse than that. A despondent person doesn't want to see or do anything." Mother's voice was more husky than before.

"I don't believe Henry is like that. He just couldn't be sad. He's the best person in the world, and he's going to be a doctor at the end of the summer." Robin's face was a tangle. When he saw his mother bite a quivering lip, he wanted to throw his arms around her neck and hug her close—wanted to kiss her. But he knew he couldn't. He was

Mother's carefree school boy—carefree for Mother.

"Even if he is," he said, his face unwinding itself, "I can cheer him up. I can make him laugh—make him want to do things. Henry wouldn't be blue with me."

His mother reached out to place her hand on his head again, but he pulled out of her reach and stood up. "I'm going out and start stacking the wood," he announced gravely. "Henry will help me finish it. I know he will. You'll see."

Robin wished for a moment that he was still sitting there with Mother's hand on his head. But no matter how much he wanted it, he could not have brought himself to kiss Mother's drawn face. He turned and stomped out through the kitchen toward the back porch.

"Change out of your school clothes," he heard his mother say faintly.

Saxettes seems far way, and carefree was a hateful word.

STACKING WOOD WAS no fun today. Every stick was leaden and knotty. When Henry helped stack, it was play. Henry would grab up a big stick and scream out: "The dam is bursting. We got to save the people. Plug that hole quick. Chunk in that sand bag here—hurry—put the other one over there. Come on, let's go. Got to save the people in the valley. They're drowning. Hurry—hurry—more sandbags on the dam—more—more—more."

Henry knew how to make work play.

Robin had stacked only two rows when the street light came on. Robin paused, holding a huge popular log, and studied the light intently. River made the current. Wires carried it a long, long way into town. All the street lights came on at the same time. A man cut them on with one big switch, a man who

worked for the city, a jolly, carefree man.

With a heave that took all his strength, Robin swung the log hard against the woodshed wall. It fell, knocking down part of the stacks. The wood didn't feel it. It was dead. It no longer sapped for life. It was done, dead. You can't hurt dead things anymore—only living things, carefree living things—people.

The woodpile suddenly became a lonesome place in the dusk, a scary place. Robin ran hard for the house.

Robin sat down to another supper of sausage, of mush and gravy. It was good fare during hog-killing time. It was cheap. Mother had been raised on it, and it was good enough for anybody. Livermush was even cheaper—and more plentiful. Uncle Milton was always generous during hog-killing time. Sausage gravy was almost as good as ham gravy. It just wasn't as red.

Robin looked steadily across the table at his mother, hoping she wouldn't meet his stare. Her eyes were not so red as they had been. She looked calmer. But somehow part of her seemed to be somewhere else.

Food wallowed on Robbins tongue and balked at the swallow. It was too hot.

Robin looked back down at his plate. He wanted to say the right thing. "I didn't get much wood stacked, Mother."

"That's all right. You can finish tomorrow," she replied slowly.

"Yes. I can finish up tomorrow with Henry helping me. I know he will."

"No. I don't think you will get Henry to help you. You shouldn't count on things you don't know anything about, Robin."

"But I do know that I can cheer Henry up. You'll see. I'll tell him about my saxette. He'll be interested and want me to have one. I'd bet on it."

"I haven't said you can have a saxette yet," Mother interrupted, huskiness returning to her voice. Her eyes looked hurt again. Robin remained silent a while, drinking his skimmed milk. Marvelous that it cost only ten cents a half gallon, and you couldn't tell it from dairy milk. Mother had said so often. She had taken milk from a dairy once and would again when Henry began making money.

"Mother," Robin said abruptly, "didn't we take milk from a dairy when Papa was living?"

"Yes, we did."

"You had just about everything you wanted then, didn't you?"

"Not everything, but a lot more than we have now."

"Papa gave Henry an air rifle, didn't he?"

"Yes, he did. He gave Henry a lot of things."

"I wish Papa were still living."

"We all do. We need him more than ever now." Mother looked intently at Robin for a moment. He often liked to be reassured that his father had been a respectable success. Then she added, "Your father was a good man—a fine man. His weakness was that he worried too much over his work."

"What did he worry about?"

"Just little things, mostly. He took everything too hard."

"Not carefree," Robin murmured. "Papa wasn't a carefree man."

"No, I guess Papa wasn't care-





free at all," Mother continued in a faltering tone. "He worried an awful lot about the knitting mill. That was the thing that bothered him most just before he took his. . . I mean just before he died. But it all came out all right. We still have a little of the stock and get our dividend every year.

Robin pushed back his plate. He had eaten only half of his mush, and the serving bowl looked as full as ever. It meant fried mush for breakfast tomorrow. "Mother," he said seriously, "You don't have to worry. Henry is carefree just like you and me. He's going to be the best doctor around here. People say he will. And I'm going to be just like him."

"Be better, Robin; be better for my sake." The muscles in her cheeks were twitching. Robin had never heard her say what she had just said. He had never seen her look like that. Mother wasn't really carefree

like he thought. Robin sat a minute longer and tapped on the checkerboard cloth with his kniffe. He wanted to think new thoughts.

"Go in now and take a bath while the water is still hot," his mother said. "Uncle Claude will be here before long."

"Aw, he don't care how I look," Robin protested.

"Maybe not, but I want you to clean up anyway."

ROBIN WOULD NOT rebel. He would scrub his leanness with lilac soap until it hurt. He would sneak Mother's lilac bath-powder, too. But it was false lilac—not at all like the real thing. Real lilacs wouldn't bloom for a long time—not until Easter time. It would be another Easter without colored eggs—but there would be real lilacs.

Robin went to the kitchen window and looked out at the bare lilac bushes which were made visible by the street light. Some of the branches came up past the window. The street light seemed to flicker as the wind swayed the limbs to and fro between Robin and the light—dancing carefree stems longing for purple carefree lilacs.

Robin had finished bathing and was dressed in his pajamas when Uncle Claude came in. Running to his uncle, Robin jumped upon him and threw his arms around his neck and his legs around his waist. There he clung, perched on Uncle Claude's stomach. Uncle Claude patted him on the back vigorously.

Heavy tobacco breath never offended Robin. It was an uncle's trademark—the mark of cigars, dimes, and nickles. Thousands of cigars, maybe—but how many dimes and nickles!

"Why, Robby," Uncle Claude boomed forth, "you haven't grown a bit. When are you going to put some meat on your bones. I can reach around your waist with one hand."

Robin dropped from his uncle's chest. "I don't know," he said. He had wanted to say nothing but uncles demand answers somehow.

"Good to see you, Harriet," Uncle Claude said, kissing his sister on the cheek. She nodded a welcome.

"Uncle Claude, are you and Henry coming home tonight?" Robin chattered. "If you are, I want to wait up because I know I can cheer Henry up. He'll want to help me stack wood tomorrow."

Uncle Claude glanced quickly over his shoulder at Mother, who knew the meaning of his look. "Robin, your Uncle Claude and I have a lot to talk about before he goes. You better go to bed now."

Robin ignored the order. "Uncle Claude," he appealed, "when will you be back? I just got to see Henry when he comes."

"You'll see him first thing in the morning," his mother said sternly. "Now you run jump in bed."

"But I want to tell Uncle Claude what we're doing in school," he whined. "Let me tell him about the saxette band and everything."

"You can tell him another time," she replied. Robin didn't like to oppose his mother. But this was Uncle Claude.

"I made four A's and one B last month, Uncle Claude," Robin continued. "I'm doing as good as Henry did."

"That's fine. Keep it up," Uncle Claude said, but Robin missed his usual enthusiasm over good marks in school.

"I'm going to be a doctor just like Henry. He's already said that he'll send me to school. In a way you'll be sending us both because if you hadn't sent him, he couldn't send me." Robin was glad he had thought to say that.

"Yes, we'll see. We'll see," Uncle Claude said. It wasn't



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what Robin wanted to hear. That was just a grown-up way of saying no. He had heard it often enough to know. Go to bed and let them talk—low grown-up talk about Henry. They didn't know Henry anyway. They didn't know Henry the wood stacker—Henry the carefree.

ROBIN NESTLED between freshly cleaned sheets. The heavy quilts pressed them closely against his body. Clean sheets and clean bodies go together. The sheets smelled sweet—Mother's work. Robin wished he had hugged his mother before he left for bed. He wanted her there then. He could hug her—hug her tight.

He lay still. Darkness isn't black; it's gray. And wind in the chimney is moanful-like. It makes windows rattle, whistling, not singing. Night wind is never carefree.

Dogs prowl and howl at night. They don't really howl. They just bark—deep voiced wolfing and snappish yelps that sound mean. No one ever really saw

a dog with eyes as big as tea cups, much less as big as saucers. And there is no such thing as a Hound of Baskerville.

The low tone of grown-up talk is an undistinguishable mumble when it reaches through walls. A slamming door has more meaning. Uncle Claude had gone to bring home a carefree Henry.

Mother would find Robin asleep: But how many things before sleep—twisting things—beautiful things. A musty room in a vacant house, a dammed-up stream and a boy's stinging misdeed of mud, a glinting morning ray dappling a muddy creek with leafy shadows, a muddy stream turned into a miracle of whiteness in a cascading plunge, fresh water, sweet water, corrupted by a salty sea.

No world can contain a carefree boy. The stars are yellow, blue, yet green. A fickle moon never holds a constant shape. Daytime's sun floods light into a boy's world—sun the life giver—to worms, green apples, and rabbit tobacco. Warmth,

then sleep—tomorrow fried mush—then Henry.

STANDING BAREFOOTED in his faded pajamas, Robin splashed the sleep from his eyes with cold water.

Mother wasn't in the kitchen when he entered. Robin saw the fried mush and bacon on the warmer of the kitchen range. He filled his plate and sat down at the table. The mush wasn't brown enough.

Mother came in carrying a tray. None of the food on it had been touched. Mother's eyes were vacuous and haggard. "Henry wouldn't eat anything," she said almost inaudibly. The strange tone of her expression made Robin choke up inside. Mother's eyes were misty, and her lips quivered at the edges.

Robin was groping for something, but he wasn't sure what. "Mother," he said softly, "the mush is good this morning." Mother threw a clenched fist against her lips and ran out of the room. Robin heard her climbing the steps to the small attic store room.

"Mother, Mother," he cried out, but the words jammed in his throat. He had never seen his mother cry.

But Henry was home, a sad Henry—a despondent Henry, Mother had said. He was just a few feet away in the bedroom. The walls made it seem like a long way. But it wasn't so. It was Henry the wood-stacker. There was wood to be stacked.

Mother wouldn't have to climb the stairs to the attic again—not again ever.

Robin got up from the table, went into the next room, and fetched up the saxette handbill. Then he tip-toed to the door of Henry's room. There he hesitated and put his ear against the door. No sound. He fidgeted a moment, started to run away, but held himself there. The tightness in his chest began to pulsate.

Saxettes suddenly became



No, I ain't seen no porcupine. My name is Cactus Jack!

trivial, childish things. He wadded the handbill in his fist and ground it between his two palms. Letting the wad fall to the floor, he kicked it across the short hall.

Robin stood with his back against the door and let himself slide down against it to a squatting position. Tears made a ticklish course down his cheek, hung on his chin a moment, then dropped onto his knee. When he heard his mother coming down the stairs, he wiped his eyes with the backs of his hands, started up, rushed to meet her and grasp her around the waist. He clung tightly and buried his head against her. Heavy sobs jerked his body.

"Did you see Henry?" his mother asked.

"No, no, I didn't see him. I can't see him. I know I couldn't."

"It's best to wait. You can see him later when—yes, perhaps a little later." Robin felt his mother draw his face closer

against her. He yielded to her, gripping her ever tighter and tighter.

"Mother, I . . ."

"Yes?"

"I . . . I'll . . . I'll always be carefree."

### THE GENIUS

(Continued from page eighteen)

and desire, by money-changers who bloat tradition by bloating those who have gained nothing from their education except that they sat in the same seat and under the same teacher that their father sat, and in some instances used the same text books—and notes—that their father used.

Yes, by Jiminy, Gems is right—tradition serves only as long as it serves forward instead of backward. It's just like he said we gotta be functional, and HE realizes the gravity of any fallacious concept that would deter us from Georgian. He realizes that we all see from our eyes, smell with our noses, walk on our legs, count on our fingers, wiggle our ears, stick out our tongues, and chew on our fingernails. In short he perceives that we, like our forefathers, are functional beings, and he intends that we continue to function at the NEW Wake Forest. We are indeed grateful.

### DR. POTEAT

(Continued from page twenty)

at Wake Forest, the college will gain much publicity from the prominence of his post.

Dr. Hubert is a thorough Wake Forester. Except for a few years spent obtaining his Doctor's degree at Columbia and as headmaster at a Connecticut boys' school, he has spent his entire life in Wake Forest.

The thirteen months he will spend in his new position will be the first interruption in forty years of teaching for Dr. Hubert. It is a well deserved rest from teaching "amo, amas, amat" to "dumheads."

His record as an undergraduate is as impressive as his record of later life. After receiving a B.A. degree from Wake Forest in 1906, and an M.A. in 1908, he attended Columbia University on a fellowship. He received his Ph.D. degree in 1912, and was named Professor of Latin Language and Literature at Wake Forest the same year, replacing Professor John B. Carlyle.

DR. HUBERT'S ENTRANCE into Masonry came on his twenty-first birthday, when he petitioned the local lodge for the degrees of Masonry. From the start, he applied himself diligently to his new field, and in June, 1941, he was elected Imperial Outer Guard, the first step in the ten-rung ladder of succession which culminates in the post of Imperial Potentate.

On February 18, 1908, Dr. Hubert became a Master Mason. Later he received Degrees in the Scottish Rite and in the York Rite. He was made a 32nd Degree Mason on November 21, 1919, in Wilmington Consistory. He was awarded the 33rd Degree in Masonry on October 21, 1927.

Dr. Hubert entered Shrine work with his initiation into Sudan Temple in New Bern on December 31, 1919. His interest in the Shriners and their charitable work made him one of the most popular wearers of the fez in America.

Fraternal organizations of all types have claimed the attention of Dr. Hubert. He has held a remarkable number of offices in such groups.

He is a past Executive Councilor of the Kappa Alpha Order and is a member of Phi Beta Kappa and Omicron Delta Kappa. He was a charter member of the Columbia University of Acadia. From 1923-24, when he was thirty-six years old, Dr. Hubert was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina.

For twenty-five years, he has

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tions as *Who's Who in America*, *Who's Who in American Education*, *Directory of American Scholars*, *International Blue Book*, and *Author's and Writers' Who's Who* (London).

Dr. Hubert is also an author of note, having written eight books and numerous pamphlets on classical topics. His most recent publication, a translation of four of Cicero's philosophical essays, was released a few weeks ago by the University of Chicago Press.

It is as an organist that Dr. Hubert is remembered by many. He has given over 250 organ recitals in the South during his lifetime and has composed several musical selections, including "Sudan Temple March" for band.

In addition to serving the local church as organist and choir director for nearly forty years, he has also served as Sunday School teacher, trustee, and deacon.

Dr. Hubert assails the "crossing of the t's and dotting of the i's" type of religion much in the same manner as did his father, Dr. William Louis Poteat, when he was president of Wake Forest.

During his college days he was an accomplished athlete, winning the Southern Collegiate

Tennis Championship in 1907. He has replaced the more strenuous sports with golf, a game which he refers to as "an invention of the devil and perpetrated by his followers."

Dr. Hubert was born on December 12, 1886, in Wake Forest. From his father, "Dr. Billy," as the elder professor was known, he inherited some of the quality and character which made him one of the most progressive educators in the South.

In 1912, he married Essie Moore Morgan, and they have two sons, both Shriners and Masons. Hubert McNeill, Junior, is a surgeon, and William Morgan is an attorney.

WITH THE EXCEPTION of the summers between the years of 1924 and 1942, when he was professor of Latin in Columbia University summer schools, Dr. Hubert has lived in Wake Forest all his life. He owns a beautiful home on Faculty Avenue.

He is the first Carolinian to be awarded the post of Imperial Potentate. He will be succeeded in 1951 by Roland D. Baldwin, a Jacksonville, Fla., banker.

Although his itinerary is not yet complete, he plans to visit Shrine Temples in Virginia, Ohio, and Tennessee on his first

been a member of the executive commission of the Masonic Service Association, and is a member of the Raleigh Commandery of Knights Templar. He is also a member of the New Bern Court Number 145, Royal Order of Jesters. From 1913 until 1915, he served as Master of the Blue Lodge, and was Venerable Master of his Lodge of Perfection in 1923-24. In 1922-23 he held the position of Wise Master of his chapter of Rose Croix.

In 1930-31, Dr. Hubert served as Potentate of Sudan Temple in New Bern. He held the position as Sovereign, St. Titus Conclave, Red Cross of Constantine, in 1945-46. He is a member of the Allied Masonic Degrees and is a Knight Grand Cross in that organization. He is also a member of the Grand College of Rites of the United States of America.

IN ADDITION TO THESE numerous honors, Dr. Hubert has also earned for himself a place of honor in the classical field. He has served as President of the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association, and as President of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South. He has also been a vice-president of the American Classical League and is a member of the American Philological Association, and of the British Classical Association.

His position as one of the leading classical scholars of the nation have gained for him a place in such notable publica-





tour, which will begin about August 1. He and Mrs. Potat will return to Wake Forest after each few weeks of travel for a short rest.

Dr. Hubert will be on hand to witness the Shriners' football game between the East and West on New Year's Day, 1951, in San Francisco. The proceeds from this game, as well as the income from other Shrine activities, go for the support of the hospitals for crippled children which the Shrine maintains.

It goes without saying that Dr. Hubert will be missed at Wake Forest, and that he will be one of the most illustrious Imperial Potentates ever to reign over the Shrine. The college will receive much publicity from his new post and Dr. Hubert will enjoy a well deserved rest from his teaching duties.

But the 600,000 Shriners of North America are the ones who will profit most by this change of jobs; they may rest assured

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and Save"*



that they are being led by a man whose integrity, pure genius, and Christian character have earned a place for him in the hearts of all who know him.

#### DR. BRADBURY

(Continued from page twenty-one)

graph on a type of mite, written by a French research biologist. "See what you can do with that," he said. "The last thing my professor said as I left," Dr. Bradbury relates, "was, 'This man is very well known for his research work.' That sentence never left my mind."

It was near the end of the second semester when the student approached the professor's house with a great deal of trepidation. Dr. Bradbury says that he had not seen the man since the assignment had been made, but he had worked on it as best he could and his misgivings were due to the fact that his own findings about this particular kind of mite were widely different from those of the Frenchman who had written the monograph. "This man is very well known for his research," the professor had told him. Something somewhere just didn't quite jibe. Nevertheless, he had done the best he could, and now there was nothing to do but to reveal the results of his efforts.

THE PROFESSOR WAS WRITING at his desk when the student entered. He did not even look up as the small scrap of

paper was laid before his eyes. He read it. Still he did not look up. "Write your thesis," was all he said, for he had known all the time that the Frenchman had been wrong.

By this time, Dr. Bradbury was married, and when this same professor asked him why he did not go ahead and work for his doctorate, he said that to go to school and support a family was more than he could manage. "If you will agree to do it," said the professor, "I'll make it possible." So the boy who had wanted to teach in a one-room school became, by progressive stages, a college professor, though he did not know in one stage what the next would be, and he has never for an instant regretted his choice. Although he once seriously considered changing to medicine, the change never materialized, and, as Dr. Bradbury puts it, he will probably live longer for it.

His special fields are animal ecology and embryology, and though he says he is not primarily a research man, he worked this past summer on a project the completion of which will be of a great deal of practical value. Essentially the purpose of the project is to discover an agent which will kill termites effectively. Dr. Bradbury says that the termite does not himself digest the wood he eats; that is done by protozoa which live in the stomach of the insect. If a substance can be found which will kill these protozoa, and







which the protozoa will eat in preference to wood, the termite will die of starvation—or maybe of acute indigestion. Dr. Bradbury has found two substances which are fatal to the protozoa, and these are, of all things, vitamin B' and urea. The only trouble is, says Dr. Bradbury, that the termites won't eat either of them as long as wood is present. Therein lies a practical difficulty which as yet he has not been able to overcome. "Maybe I'll find it someday," he hopes.

But even if he never succeeds in engineering the destruction of the protozoa in the belly of the termite he has already made some lasting contributions to the field of biology. In 1931 an article appeared by Dr. Bradbury in *Science* magazine, explaining a new microscopic slide technique employing a novel use of certain alcohols. Perhaps his greatest contribution aside from his teaching is his writing of laboratory manuals. Dr. Bradbury has a philosophy about laboratory manuals. The ideal manual, in his opinion, is one which gives "a maximum of instruction with a minimum of information." His theory might be summed up in his own words: "Give them a lab manual and the good sense God gave them and let them work out their own salvation."

**T**HERE ARE FEW THINGS Dr. Bradbury would rather talk about than his hobby. In his shop in the basement of his home, the professor of biology makes furniture—not ordinary

tables and chairs and such, but authentic copies of famous styles of furniture. His favorites are Hepplewhite and Sheraton, which he can talk about for hours; there is more to say about them than one would ordinarily think. He does it the hard way, too, because although the exact measurements of period furniture are available, Cabinet-maker Bradbury works from a photograph alone, figuring out for himself the dimensions of the parts. Dr. Bradbury has almost entirely furnished his home with furniture of his own making. When he was asked whether or not he had ever sold any of his furniture he said, "No, and I don't intend to."

Dr. Bradbury has two sons, both of whom are graduates of Wake Forest. Both served in the U. S. Army during the war, one as a fighter pilot and the other as an officer in the Quartermaster Corps. The fighter pilot is now an insurance adjuster for Farmers' Mutual in Fayetteville, N. C., and the other son is in the main office of the mile-age division of the Firestone Corporation in Akron, Ohio.

**S**O IF YOU SEE a white-haired, balding man walking across the campus with his hands in his pants pockets, obviously lost in thought, he may be thinking about termites, or an improvement on a laboratory manual (he is never satisfied with any of them), or perhaps a Hepplewhite chair he is making, but any of these will readily give way to a genial, sincere interest in the problems of a student who seeks advice.

#### TOO OLD FOR GLORY

(Continued from page twenty-five)  
without lettin' the ball out of the infield.

"Say, my mug's dry again, bud. How 'bout yours? Hey, bartender! Two more beers for the mighty Eagle Walker and his friend!"



"Well, we came to bat in our half of the first innin', and we didn't get the ball out of the infield, either. I knew just as soon as Vic Regazzo throwed that first ball that he was gonna' be mighty hard to get to. Bud, let me tell you, he was really throwin' that ball in there for them Bulls that day! We hadn't beat him all season, and we knew that if he kept smokin' that ball in there all day like he did that first innin', we was due for a mighty hard game.

"The game went along like this for four innings without anything of importance happenin', and you could see the tension growin' among both teams. I had managed to get a double my first time at bat, and

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RESTAURANT



Jim Schroeder had singled in the third, but they was the only two hits of the game up to that time. Old Whip was still floatin' that ball by them bums, and they'd only hit one ball out of the infield. That was a high fly to left field which Stan Lanier got without any trouble.

"Now along about this time, some rookie, who I didn't know, was sent in to pinch-hit for the Bull's left-fielder, and he started to ridin' old Whip pretty hard. This, bud, was very unusual, 'cause Whip was pretty well liked and respected by every team in the league, and not many players rode him, especially some young rookie like this cocky left-fielder. Old Whip didn't usually pay any attention to what little razzin' he got, but just kept his mouth shut and smiled. So when he grinned and give this rookie a few smart answers, you could've knocked a ball right down my throat and I would've never seen it. This kid called Whip a worn-out old has-been, and Whip proceeded to cut him off with some smart answer which I don't remember right now.

"Bartender! The well's run dry over here! Two more suds for two thirsty customers!

"Now like I was sayin', bud, this rookie and old Whip was ridin' one another good and proper, which was very surprisin' to everybody. Whip got the best end of the first round, though, 'cause he struck this guy out on just four pitches,

which was very embarrassin' to the rookie, but he just laughed and said that he'd be back.

"The sixth innin' Stan Lanier connected with one of Regazzo's smokers, and, bud, you could've run for fifteen minutes and never caught that ball. That was the third hit of the ball game up to that time, and the only run. No one had thought about it very much, but old Whip had gone for six innings without allowing a single hit. Now a no-hit, no-run game is somethin' that every pitcher dreams about, but very few of them ever get around to doin' it. Whip had been one of the best in the business durin' his younger years, but he'd never pitched a perfect game before.

"These two Blue Ribbons went fast, didn't they, bud? Hey, bartender! Two more of the same! Not on your life! This's my party and my story, and I'll pay for the suds. Understand?

"Let me see, now, where was I? Oh, yeah! Well, this game went into the seventh innin' and old Whip got the first two men out without much trouble. Then this rookie that had been ridin' Whip so much came up to bat again, and the razzin' between him and Whip got worse than ever. I just couldn't understand mild-mannered Whip answerin' anybody the way he did this rookie, but by this time I was used to it. Whip throwed two outside sucker-pitches at the rookie, and he bit at both of them. Whip leaned back and smoked one right down the middle that the kid looked at without taking the bat off his shoulder. This made old Whip very



happy, but the rookie just laughed and said that he'd be back.

"Now by this time, bud, the crowd had begun to realize that Whip was well on his way to the Baseball Hall of Fame, and there was a murmur from them when we took the field for the first of the eighth. The first two Bullet batters sent two sizzlin' line drives that Holding took in right field without movin' out of his tracks. Whip walked the next two batters, and the murmur of the crowd died down to a mighty heavy silence. The next Bull batter took two outside pitches, and then looked at Whip smoke one right down the middle. Whip leaned back again and smoked another one over the inside corner. Of course the bum for the Bullets argued with the ump, but even an ump could see that the pitch was right in there. Old Whip just smiled that half-smile of his and floated a slow curve in there that did everything except come back to the mound. The batter missed it a country mile, and the crowd let out a roar that lasted for at least five minutes.

"REGAZZO STILL HAD that smoker of his workin', and we went down in order, except for an infield hit that I beat out. Then we was back in the field, and the murmur from the crowd grew into a low roar as they realized that if old Whip could set the next three batters down, he'd have a no-hit, no-run game. He seemed to be as cool as ever, but if you looked close, you



could see a sorta' anxious look in his eyes.

"I need another mug of suds, How 'bout you? You say you've had enough? Aw, gowan! One more never hurt anybody! Two more brews for your guests, Mr. bartender!

"Like I was sayin', bud, old Whip needed to set down just three more batters and he had a perfect game. Well, he got the first man easy enough on a slow grounder to me. He walked the next man, but a short fly to right field by the next Bullet batter kept him on first base. Then the P A system did a funny thing. It said that the next batter for them bums was Clay Ronson, the son of Whip Ronson! I picked myself up off the ground, and there stood this cocky left-fielder who had been ridin' Whip so hard all day. Let me tell you, bud, I'd never been so surprised in my life! Now I understand all the razzin' between the rookie and Whip. The rookie just grinned and wise-cracked somethin' at Whip, and Whip grinned back and let one float over the outside corner that the kid missed by two feet. By this time them bum's manager Casey Rocklin, was motionin' for another batter to hit for Clay, but Clay waved him back and refused to leave the box. Whip rared back and let one go right down the middle, and the kid just looked at it. The crowd let out a roar. Just one more strike and the game was all over! Whip floated one



outside and the kid let it go for ball one. A murmur went up from the crowd, but it soon died down. Well, sir, when old Whip rared back for the next pitch, bud, you could've heard a pin drop in that stadium!

"Well, bud, old Whip rared back for the next pitch and smoked it right down the middle. The kid started swingin' before the ball left Whip's hand, and the noise his bat made meetin' that ball echoed all the way round the sports world! Holding stood in right field with his hands on his hips and watched the ball as it went in the right-field stands, a good forty feet over the fence! The kid trotted around the bases with the other Bullet runner in front of him, but he never looked at his old man out there on the mound.

"We got the next batter, but, somehow, we knew before we came to bat that we'd lost the game and the pennant. Whip had come within one strike of a perfect game, the pennant, and a few thousand extra bucks, but it had to be his own son that got the one hit off him and won the pennant for them bums. We never got a ball out of the infield durin' our half of the ninth innin', and that was the ball game. The players from the Bull's dugout and all the Bullet fans was swarmin' all over Clay, but I don't think he was the happiest man on the field that day. Anyway, he wasn't smilin' very much when they carried him off the field on their shoulders.

"What's that, bud? You say you've gotta' go home? Well, so have I. Bartender! Two more suds for an old has-been baseball player and his friend before we go home!"

## CHARLIE'S GAME

(Continued from page twenty-six)

ing for a few days when two major league scouts, who were directing the school, told Charlie to turn in his uniform and give up the idea of playing baseball. They told him that he was just too small to play a man's game and informed him that he would never make the grade. Charlie accepted their advice and quit the school.

SHORTLY AFTER THAT, in 1942, Charlie enlisted in the Navy and was sent to the Naval Air Station in Jacksonville, Florida. At the conclusion of his boot training the company he was assigned to voted him the man

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# Shorty's

Worth, "Buster,"  
and "Shorty"







"most likely to succeed." That honor was the first in his long list.

In the Navy he didn't have a chance to return to his first love except for one occasion. While doing a hitch at the Air Station in Fort Lauderdale, he met Jimmy Hitchcock, a former All-America griddier from Auburn University, who had organized a baseball team.

That team found Teague holding down the keystone position on a squad that was composed entirely of professionals except for himself and the catcher. The Air Station team led the service league in Florida, and Charlie paced the team hitters with an average of .362. Hitchcock invited Charlie to attend the Univ. of Texas upon his discharge. The offer was later declined by Teague.

After three years in the Navy, two of which were spent on the aircraft carrier *Ranger* in the Pacific, Charlie was discharged with the rank of yeoman first class. He returned to his home in Greensboro and made plans for attending college.

One of the first persons Charlie sought out was his former high school coach. Jabbo persuaded Charlie to go to Chapel Hill and talk to Coach Bunn Hearn about a baseball scholarship. That was after Teague had turned down Jabbo's request to come to Wake Forest because at that time Wake Forest had no school of business administration, and Charlie was seeking a business education.

Here the story takes its second ironic turn. Coach Bunn Hearn

will never forget the interview that took place in his office that afternoon back in 1946. He took one look at the five feet, seven and a half inches of Teague's frame and shook his head. "You're too little to play baseball, son," the veteran mentor replied. "I don't think we can use you here at Carolina." Bunn Hearn has regretted those words for four long years now. It isn't every day that a coach refuses a future All-America admission to his team. But how was Hearn to know? The guy was little wasn't he?

CHARLIE MADE THE TRIP back home very discouraged. Bob Brooks, a Wake Forest student at that time, saw Charlie up town one afternoon and somehow the subject of the conversation got around to college and baseball. Bob persuaded Teague to have a talk with Coach Murray Greason at Wake Forest. Charlie agreed.

The head man of the Deacon nine looked Teague over and agreed to give him a chance. That was in September of 1946. When baseball season approached, Charlie was one of the first candidates to turn out for practice. It didn't take Greason long to decide who would play second base for his team.

In his first year of college ball, Charlie Teague made the fans sit up and take notice with his spectacular brand of play. He hit .284 for the Deacons and was practically flawless in the field. At the close of the season he was selected on the All-State team and was elected captain of the team for the following year.



In 1948 Charlie had an even better year and led the Deacons to the Runner-up spot in the Southern Conference. He captured the Big Four batting crown with a healthy .391 average at the plate and also paced the team in runs batted in. Again he repeated on the All-State team along with the All-Southern squad that made its debut that year.

Last year the Deacon nine made history by winning 20 straight games and ended the season by meeting the University of Texas for the collegiate championship of the United States. During regular season play Charlie belted the ball for an average of .362 and again was the leader in the RBI department. He drove in 39 runs in 34 games.

It was Teague's superlative type of play that enabled the Deacons to gain a spot in the NCAA playoffs. During a game with N. C. State the game was in the eighth inning with no score. Teammate Art Hoch doubled, and with one out Teague came to bat. That State hurler decided to walk him intentionally and play for a double killing. With three balls and no strikes against him, Charlie noticed that the first baseman—expecting the walk—was standing on the bag. The State pitcher let the fourth ball come a little too close to the plate and Teague leaned over slightly and drove a clean single by the first baseman to drive in the winning run.

WAKE FOREST WAS selected to meet Richmond, Kentucky, and Mississippi State for the NCAA District 2 championship after they walked off with the Southern Conference title. The Deacons defeated Kentucky twice and Mississippi State to win the tourney at Charlotte. Again Charlie Teague came through in the clutch to pull a game out of the fire. He smashed a double against the Rebels to





score the winning run. The sports writers and coaches were quick to name him the Most Valuable Player and present him with a trophy.

With the District 2 crown safely tucked away, Wake Forest traveled to South Bend, Indiana, for a two game series with the Irish of Notre Dame for the Region 2 championship. Notre Dame had defeated Michigan State for the opportunity of meeting the Deacons.

Wake Forest beat the Irish two straight games, 4-1 and 10-7. His play was so outstanding that the writers and coaches were quick to notice him and keep their eyes on him every play. Again Charlie Teague walked off with the Most Valuable Player award.

From South Bend the Deacons moved on to Wichita, Kansas, for the NCAA finals. Southern California, St. John's, Texas, and Wake Forest were the four teams in the running. Southern Cal. was the defending champ, and the Deacons drew them as the first opponent. The Trojans led in the first game until the eighth inning when Teague's timely hit tied the game. Again the famous slugger came through. Wake Forest went on to win the ten inning affair, 2-1.

The following night the Baptists went down in defeat at the hands of Texas. Southern California had won over St. John thus necessitating a return match between the Deacons and the Trojans. Again the two evenly matched teams fought to a deadlock going into the twelfth inning. That's when Charlie Teague stepped up to

the plate and broke up the game with a triple against the right field wall driving in the winning run. With that hit he captured a place for Wake Forest in the finals and the heart of every person in the stands.

Texas defeated the Deacs for the title, but Teague and the Deacons walked off with the majority of the trophies. In the post tourney balloting, Teague was named the Most Popular Player in college baseball.

The writers who had seen the national finals left singing the praises of one Charlie Teague. As a result of his spectacular record in regular season and tournament play, Charlie was named All-America by a near unanimous choice of sports writers and coaches throughout the nation. Charlie had proven that he was the greatest second baseman in college baseball—and no one doubted that fact.

CHARLIE'S MOST RECENT, and perhaps greatest, honor came last month when he was selected to receive the Teague Award, which is given to the outstanding athlete in North and South Carolina. In winning the Teague award, Charlie has captured every existing honor available. He was named for the honor over such prominent athletes as Charlie Justice, and Harvie Ward, winner of the NCAA national golf championship. Baseball Commissioner A. B. (Happy) Chandler presented the award at a banquet in Teague's honor.

DURING THE SUMMER when Charlie is free from his chores on the college diamonds, he plays semi-pro ball with various teams in the state. In three years of sem-pro ball he can boast of a .348 average at the plate. Charlie started his semi-pro duty with the Lucas Industries of Asheboro. That team went to Wichita for the finals in the National Semi-pro

circuit. For the past two summers he has been playing for Colerain in the fast Albemarle League.

One of the most amazing facts about Charlie Teague is his hitting ability. He is a terrific clutch hitter and can place his hits to any field or to any spot on the diamond. In three years of college and semi-pro ball, Charlie has been struck out only 11 times in something over 300 ball games—a feat that is next to impossible. Teague has an eye that is the envy of every person that has ever seen him play. Maybe all of his hits aren't safe, but he hits the ball regardless. Opposing pitchers have more trouble with him than any other man they face. Not only is Teague one of the best place hitters in collegiate baseball, he is a power hitter as well. His specialty is doubles. He is smart, aggressive, and hustles from the first pitch of the game until the last. Opposing coaches have said

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that Teague is the best college ball player that they have ever seen—and most of the coaches have seen a lot of players come and go.

The 26 year old 155-pounder spends most of his time during the off season on the golf course where he is trying out a new set of golf clubs given to him by the fans in his home town. Baseball even gives way to softball on occasions. Playing with the Burtner Furniture team of Greensboro, Charlie accompanied the team to Cleveland, Ohio, in 1946 after they had won the state and regional titles. In that series the entire Burtner team collected only six hits in two games, and Charlie got four of the six.

Charlie has one more year of college ball, and then the pride of North Carolina will probably turn to a career with the professionals. In the past three years, Charlie has had offers from the Washington Senators,

the Pittsburgh Pirates, the Boston Red Sox, and the St. Louis Cardinals. Ike Reeder, a scout for the Senators, guaranteed him last year that if he would sign with the Washington club he would be in the lineup within two weeks.

The man who should have given up baseball in high school has come a long way in the past four years. He didn't let his size hold him down and his determination to play baseball has paid off in the most successful

career of any college baseball player in America. It would be nice to see the faces of all those persons who told him to give up the game years ago. Thanks to Charlie's father, whose constant guidance and tutoring made him what he is today, and the will of a small boy who wanted to make good, Wake Forest can boast of having the greatest collegiate baseball star in the nation . . . Charlie Teague . . . a real All-America.

## BOP CITY

by Bill Hensley

IF ANYONE IS PLANNING a trip to New York in the near future and they want to hear real jazz the way it should be played, there's a spot just off Times Square that offers the best of everything in the line of good music. That place is Bop City.

Bop City was opened over a year ago in order to give teenagers a place to go where they could hear the type of music that they desired. The venture was a big success. Instead of the usual den of iniquity, the teenage kids had a den . . . complete with a soda bar. At Bop City they could pay .98 cents and hear good music as long as they wished.

The City has changed just a bit from the original plans, but the music hasn't. The teenagers suddenly lost interest, or else the older set just pushed them out. But the place is still a good night club with fairly reasonable prices.

This writer had the good fortune to visit Bop City for the first time several weeks ago and came away favorably impressed. The admission is still .98 cents per person but that is good for

standing room only—which is okay if a person likes to stand for several hours. For those who like to take their music sitting down, there is a minimum of \$2.50. In either case the music, which is the important thing, is still the same.

Woody Herman and his famous Herd were playing at Bop City with the incomparable Sarah Vaughn as the featured star. Herman's new band is every bit as terrific as the Herds of the past. Trombonist Bill Harris is still anchoring a solid brass section as is trumpeter Candy Candelari. Milton Jackson, one of the best in the business, is featured on Vibes, and Ralph Burns is still knocking out the arrangements for the crew.

At Bop City, Herman comes on at 10:00 and plays for about thirty minutes before back-grounding for Sarah Vaughn for another twenty minutes. Then they take off for about twenty minutes while a jazz pianist entertains the crowd. The Herman Herd features such jump tunes as "Lemon Drop," "Four Brothers," "Jumping With Symphonic Sid," "Apple Honey."

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And many of the old numbers that made Herman famous.

The seventeen piece outfit has just received some great Burns arrangements of the slow variety. "Early Autumn" tops the list of contemporary numbers, and the Woodchoppers feature the oldies—"Body and Soul," "East of the Sun," "September In The Rain," "I Cover The Waterfront," and others.

SARAH VAUGHAN was nothing short of magnificent. Anyone who has ever heard her doesn't have to be told that. Sarah held the Bop City audience in the palm of her hand and had to come back for two or three encores each show. A quick run down of the songs she sang includes: "I Get a Kick Out Of You," "Summertime," "Black Coffee," "Body and Soul," "The Man I Love," "I've Got A Crush On You," "Mean To Me," "Embraceable You," and several more songs that helped to put her on top.

The entire show was a well-balanced performance of fine artists. The show changes every week or two and another group of jazz and bop entertainers take over. Next on the list scheduled for Bop City is Billy Eckstine and the King Cole Trio. They will be followed by the great Dizzy Gillespie.

In other New York spots, Bobby Hackett and his Dixieland combo were playing at the Hickory Log. Hackett has been packing them in for over two weeks. Billy Butterfield, another trumpet player, replaces Hackett on Monday nights. The Hickory Log is definitely the most economical music spot in New York. There's never a cover or a minimum.

Down in the village, Nick's is still the place for good music. Billy Maxted and his group are holding down the current show, but Billy Butterfield opens there soon. It is like the Hickory Log, except for the prices.

Fifty-second or Jazz Street,

has folded. All of the night spots have done away with name bands and are now employing combos that hardly know such tunes as "Stardust." All in all, for the biggest names in music, Bop City is still the place to go in Gotham.

#### ON THE SPOT

(Continued from page three)  
activity, however. He wanted to contribute a short story to the *STUDENT* some time ago, but magazine editors often just don't understand. Bob Sherrill was editor at the time, and he turned down Nettles' efforts "for humor or otherwise." But that was O.K. by Johnny. He made the Quill and Scroll Society in high school.

ASPIRING JOURNALIST Ray Wyche braved an awesome interview with the new Exalted Mugwump of the Masons, our own "Dr. Hubert," and came through with an article entitled "Potent — Imperial Potentate." Ray, a senior from Hallsboro, is well-known on *The Row* as managing editor of *Old Gold and Black*. When he receives his degree in June, he will go down to Wilmington to join the staff of the *Wilmington Morning Star*.

Wyche's journalistic efforts have not been confined to the college publications, however. He recently tried his hand at free-lancing, and had an article published in the *News and Observer* feature section.

A NEWCOMER AMONG the contributors to the *STUDENT* is Bobby Butts, sophomore from Farmville, N. C. Bobby made his appearance on Publications *Row* in a manner in which the *STUDENT* wishes more students who like to write would do—he walked into the office one day with a short story he had written and asked the editor to look it over. The editor did just that and liked it. You'll find his

entertaining story about a baseball pitcher who faces a very unusual situation in the ninth inning of a no-hit game on page 24 of this issue.

Bobby is majoring in physical education, and plans a teaching and coaching career. The *STUDENT* is glad to welcome him as a contributor to the magazine.

JOHN PREACHER Georgia Boy Gibson does something occasionally besides cracking corny jokes. For instance, he can write. Nobody around the *STUDENT* office knew he could even read until he turned up with an article on the college infirmary.

John hails from Valdosta, Georgia, and will receive his degree from Wake Forest in June. Next fall he will take up a three-year residence in Louisville, at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

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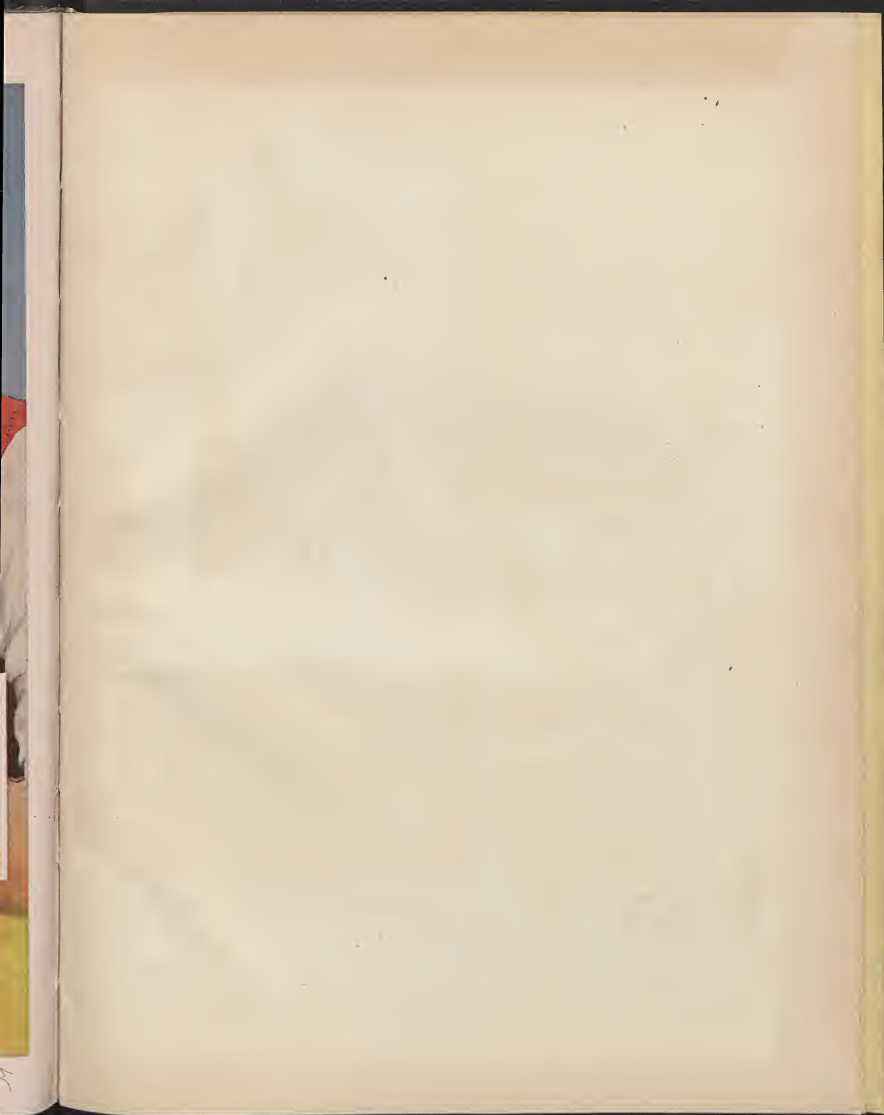
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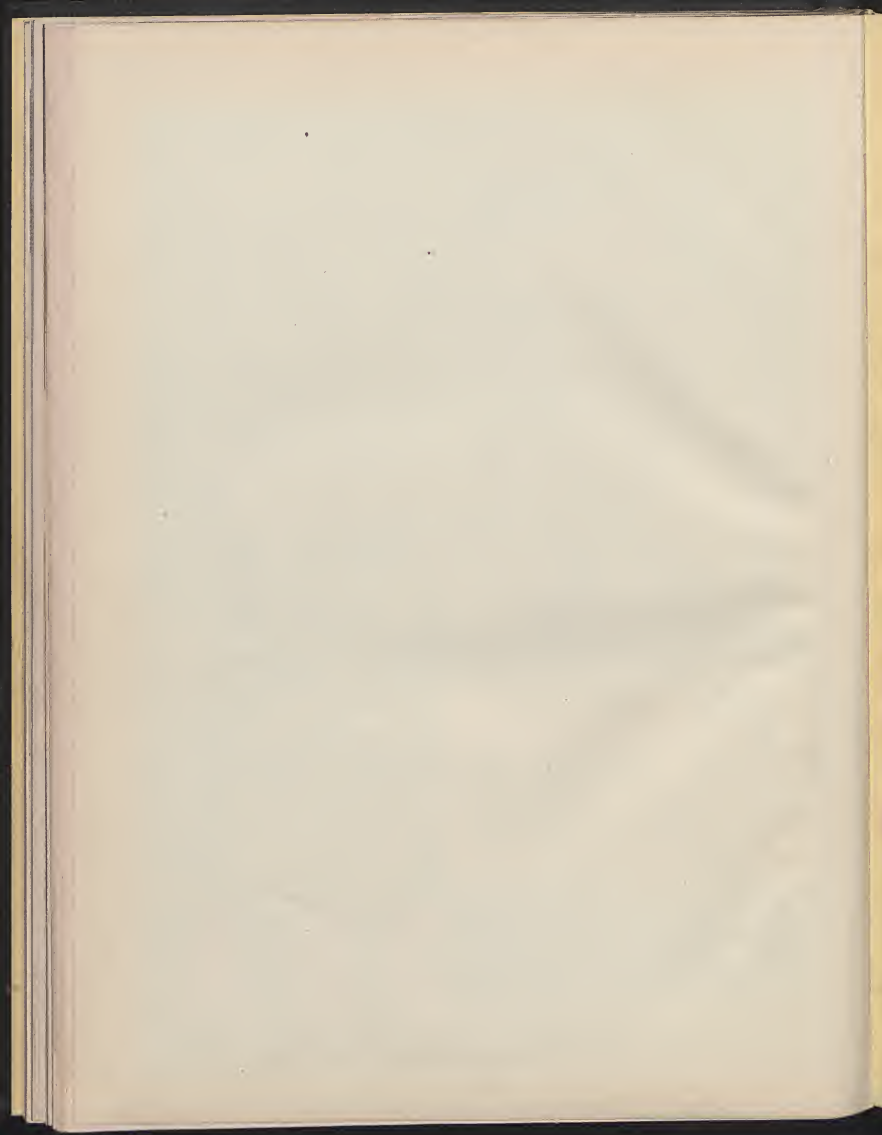
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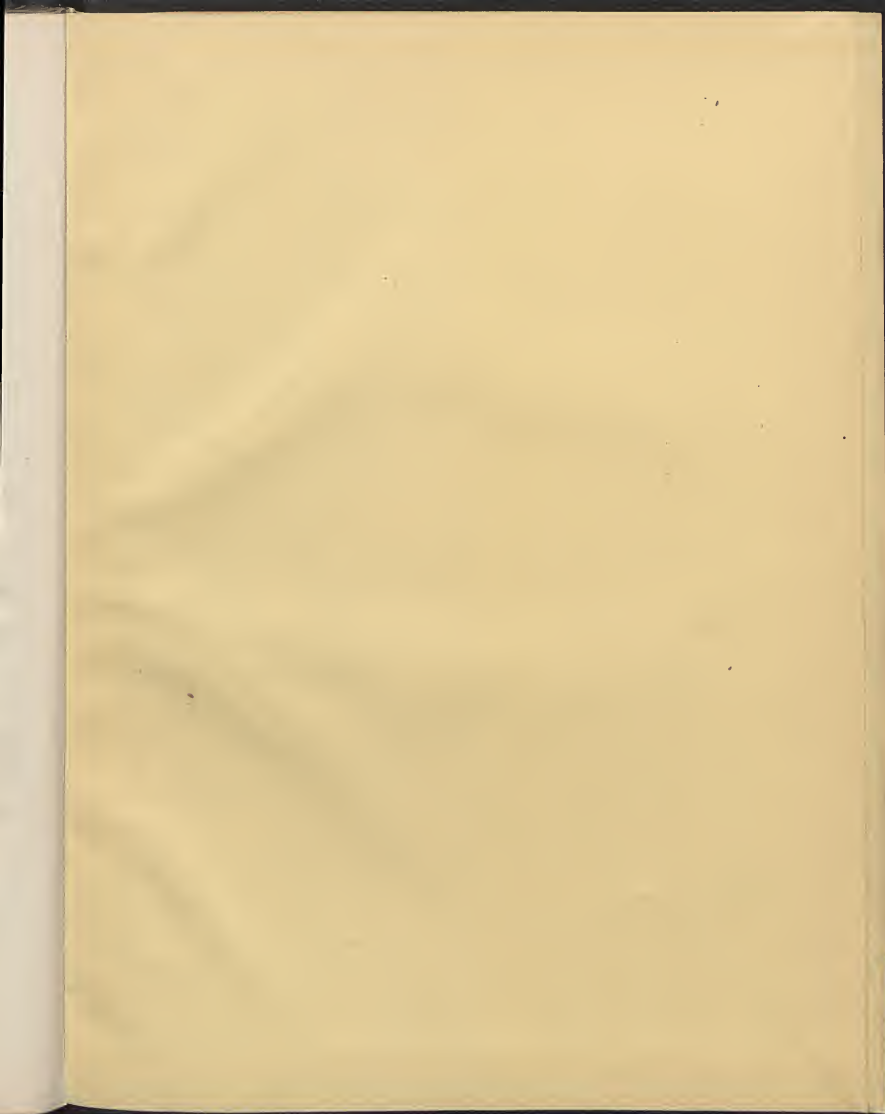
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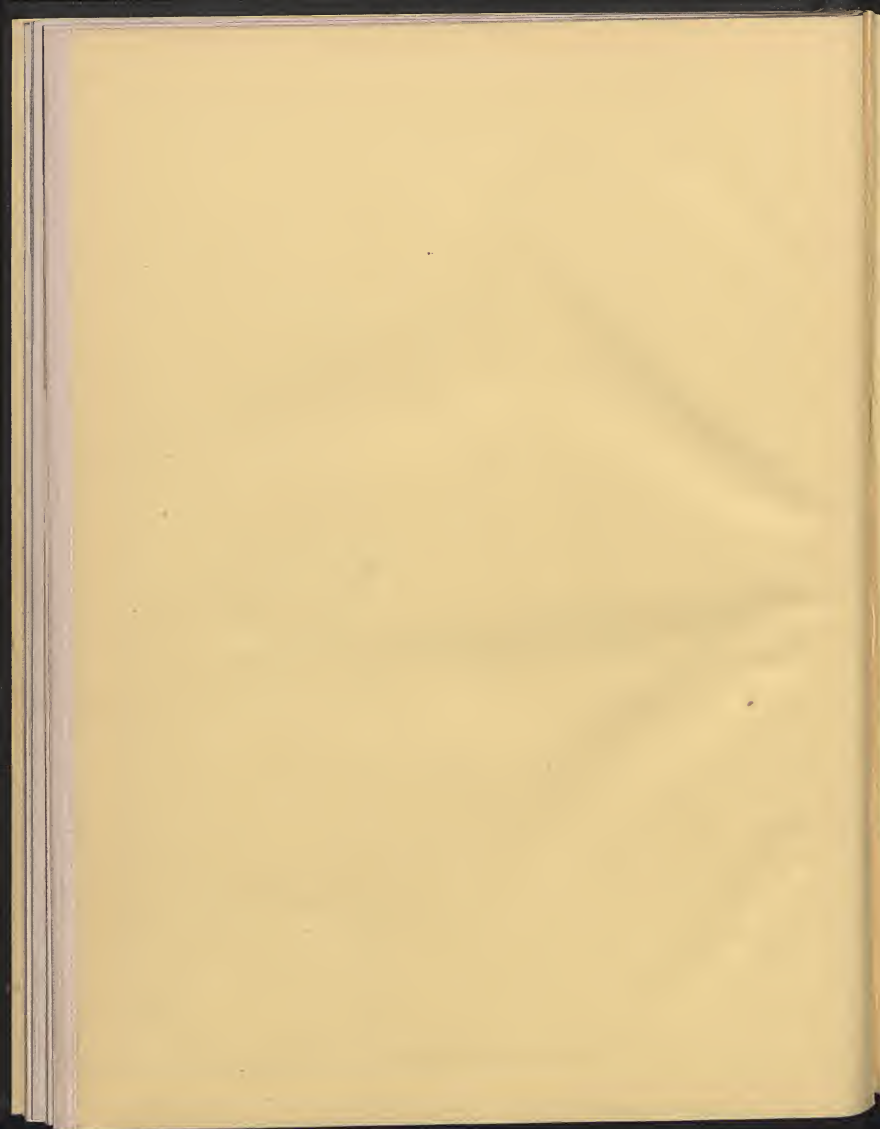
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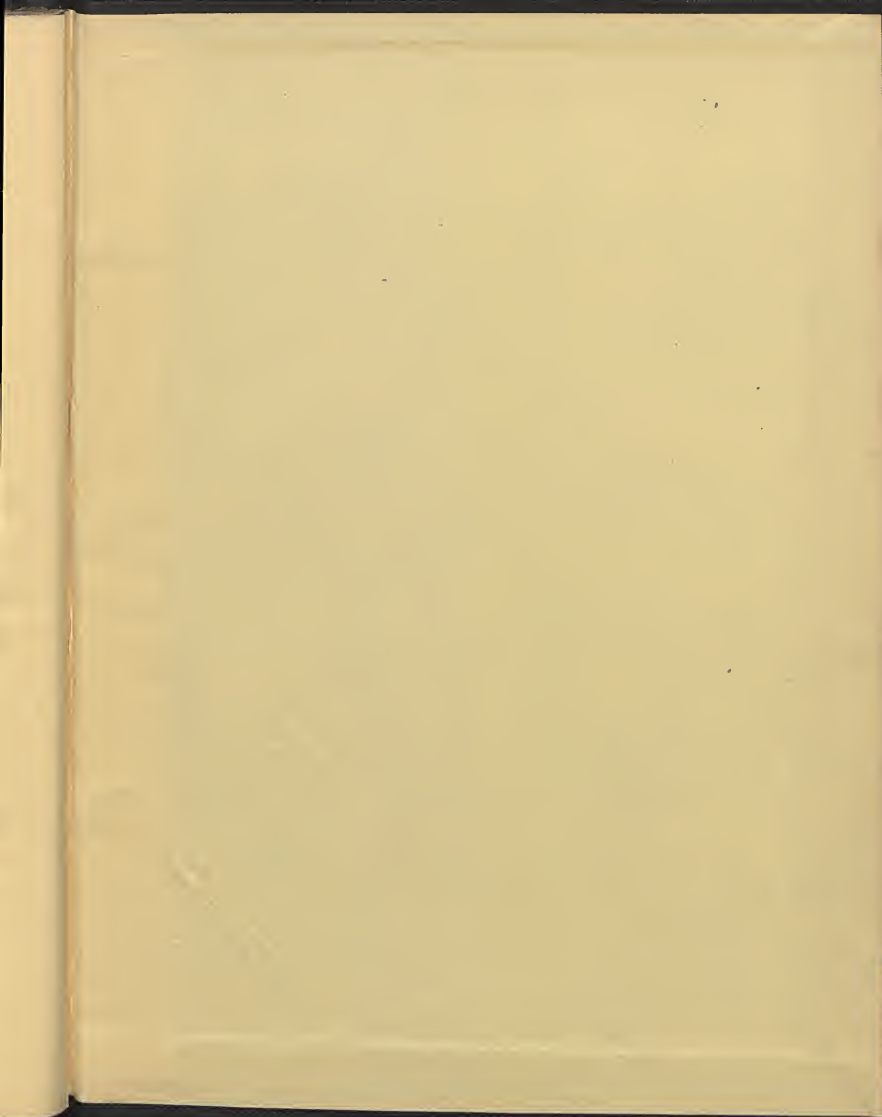












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